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MISS FLORENCE ST. JOHN AS THE SINGING-GIRL IN "LA PÉRICHOLE,"
AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

MR. DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY AND HIS CRITIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE SKETCH."

SIR,—Your "Literary Lounger," in dealing with my little book, is like the impassioned Romeo; he casts to heaven respective lenity, and takes fire-eyed fury for his conduct. Not often in his literary lounges has he met so gross a dunderhead or such a flagrant liar as myself. I have never been so belaboured until now, and I had not guessed that the experience could be so exhilarating as I find it.

I owe it to your courtesy and sense of fair-play that I am able to step into the ring. I am very cordially grateful for the favour, and I proceed, with gusto, to make a jelly of mine adversary.

I propose to take the "Literary Lounger's" statements seriatim, and, so far as they relate to ascertainable matters of fact, to meet each one with a denial.

His first statement is that I make a quasi-apology in my preface. There is not a word of apology in my preface. The inaccurate gentleman must seek apology elsewhere.

Then follows an insinuation that I have tried to push my fellow-craftsmen down the ladder. In a volume which treats of twenty-six writers, I have dealt with twenty-two in terms of sincere gratitude and affection, and I have expressed for four or five out of the twenty-two as genuine a worship as one honest man may offer to another.

He goes on to say that I am very angry with the new Scottish school. I have tried to defend its two ornaments from the extravagances of hysteria, but I have written of our beautiful and beloved Stevenson as he deserves, and I have spoken of Barrie as a captain among workmen.

He claims to know as much about contemporary criticism as I do. This, if you would accept his opinion of me, is merely abject; but, modest as it looks, it is far away from truth—as I will make plain presently.

He declares that no responsible man has ever placed Stevenson, or Barrie, or Weyman, or Doyle, or Maclaren, or Crockett on a level with Sir Walter Scott. I tell him that the comparison of these gentlemen with Scott has been notorious as a cant of criticism. He defies me, with a hectoring swagger, to contradict his assertion—

Let him bring forth the passages. Let him prove the charges he scatters so freely, and then he will be entitled to some consideration. Nobody has ever said anything at all which justifies in the very least Mr. Murray's ravings.

If the "Literary Lounger" knows contemporary criticism as well as I do, he is at least entitled to some credit for audacity. One would rather believe that he is some half-awakened Rip Van Winkle living in a Katskill Hollow of his own, and that his ears have been unweaned by the yelpings of the critic crowd these many days. If he knows the truth about this matter, he is strangely misguided in supposing that a denial of it will deceive anybody. If he does not know it, he has lounged through literature to very little purpose, so far as the uses of criticism are concerned. To show you how common a vice I have denounced, let me quote two passages from the columns of the *Daily Chronicle*. The first is dated four years ago, Sept. 13, 1893. [I don't know the writer—or writers—from Adam.]—

Various ardent admirers have, with indubitable loyalty, but more doubtful wisdom, compared him (Stevenson) with Walter Scott and Daniel Defoe.

The second remonstrance covers a wider ground. It is dated Dec. 9, 1895—

Readers of reviews have noticed that, when the critic of any one of our younger historical novelists—say, of Mr. Crockett, Mr. Weyman, or Mr. Conan Doyle—wishes to be specially complimentary, he remarks that such-and-such a book is worthy of Sir Walter Scott.

This mentor of mine says loftily—

Critics and editors retain a degree of sanity, and that has prevented them exalting any recent writer to the level of Sir Walter Scott.

Good. Let us get to the proof so loudly called for. I cannot be supposed to carry in my pocket all the absurd criticisms of the last ten years, but the following extracts will perhaps serve my turn—

The best thing of the sort which has been written since "Rob Roy"—if, indeed, it is not better than "Rob Roy."—Leading Article on "Kidnapped," *Daily News*, July 20, 1886.

He is Defoe's equal in narrative, and Scott's in portrayal of character.—*Truth* on "Kidnapped," Sept. 9, 1886.

Sir Walter Scott might undoubtedly have written something akin to "The Little Minister" if he had chosen to concentrate his attention entirely upon humble life. The idea in all probability never occurred to him.—*Illustrated London News*, Oct. 28, 1893.

This is, of course, to compare one of the youngest of romancers with the very mightiest of his kind. We make no apology for doing so. Mr. Weyman's achievement is so considerable as to deserve to be tried by the highest standard, and Scott and Dumas have fixed the standard.—*St. James's Gazette* on "Lady Rotha," Oct. 5, 1894.

When we compare Mr. Crockett with Scott, it is with no idea of suggesting imitation.—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph* on "The Raiders," March 22, 1894.

Sir Walter Scott is brought to our recollection, and, truth to tell, "The Raiders" suffers little by comparison.—*Whitehall Review*, March 22, 1894.

These citations refer to four out of the six writers whose names I quoted. Nothing in my possession at this moment relates to Mr. Doyle or Mr. Maclaren, but, if the "Lounger" likes to pay me for my trouble in proving what everybody knows, I will find him a dozen as like as peas about each of them.—I am, Sir, Your obedient servant,

DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

P.S.—I have added two birds to my bag. *Vanity Fair*, reviewing Mr. Max Pemberton, compares that admirable young writer with Sir Walter, and Messrs. Downey and Co. not long since advertised a review in which Mr. Charles Lowe's sturdy novel, "A Falling Star," was treated to the same comparison.

OUR CRITIC AND MR. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE SKETCH."

SIR,—I have read Mr. Christie Murray's letter. The opening statements are not worth noticing. Those who read my article and his book will easily form a correct opinion. The point which he labours is whether he was correct in saying that the comparison of Stevenson, Barrie, Weyman, Doyle, Maclaren, and Crockett to Sir Walter Scott—a comparison which put those gentlemen on a level with the author of the "Waverley Novels"—has been, to use his own words, "notorious as a cant of common criticism for some years past." Speaking of the Scottish School, I denied this, claiming to speak from an exceptional knowledge of what has been written about the members. The knowledge is based on access to thousands of contemporary articles. Mr. Christie Murray says that I am a half-awakened Rip Van Winkle, and he undertakes to give the proof for which I called. That proof consists of six passages taken from various articles published during the last eight years. Mr. Murray confesses that he has no passages to verify his statement about Mr. Doyle or Ian Maclaren.

Now, if these six passages were every one of them relevant, they would be very far indeed from proving Mr. Christie Murray's assertions. It must be remembered that during the period mentioned some ten thousand notices of the books referred to have been published in the usual way. This is probably to understate the figures. Besides these, articles and paragraphs without number have appeared, apart from the ordinary Press notices of books. In fact, it is not too much to say that one or other of these authors has been referred to at least once a week in every journal in the kingdom, when an average is taken. And this is more or less true of the Press in English-speaking countries generally. Now, to find, out of all these, six passages is surely a very imperfect justification of such statements as these. Mr. Murray says—

With regard to Stevenson our professional guides have gone fairly demented. . . . The curious ease with which nowadays every puny whipster gets the sword of Sir Walter has already been remarked. . . . It may be assumed that the least conscientious and instructed of our professional guides has read something of the history of Sir Walter Scott, and is, if dimly, aware of the effect he produced in the realm of literature in his lifetime. Sir Walter (who is surpassed or equalled by six writers of our own day, in the judgment of those astounding gentlemen who periodically tell us what we ought to think) was the founder of three great schools. . . . Do the writers who claim to guide our opinions read Scott at all? The absurd and damaging comparison between Scott and Stevenson has been gravely offered by the latter's friends. . . . Mr. Crockett is not only not a great man, but a rather futile very small one. The unblushing effrontery of those gentlemen of the Press who have set him on a level with Sir Walter is the most mournful and most contemptible thing in association with the poorer sort of criticism which has been encountered of late years. . . . The Press of Great Britain swarms with Scotchmen, and the boom which has already filled heaven and earth with respect to the achievements of the new Scottish school has given ample and even curious evidence of the fact.

I have by no means come to the end of these quotations. Let me see what evidence is given for them.

In the first place, Mr. Murray has quoted two paragraphs, and only two, in vindication of his statement about Stevenson and the critics. Now, even if those statements had been relevant, they would have amounted to nothing when the enormous mass of Stevensonian criticism is considered. My reply would be in Mr. Murray's words: "If any Tom o' Bedlam chooses to tell the world that all the new Scottish novelists are Sir Walter's masters, what does it matter to anybody?" There is nothing too ridiculous not to be said in some newspaper or another, and I frankly admitted that some literary critics are as incapable as Mr. Christie Murray himself. The *Daily News*, for example, which is quoted against me, once gravely affirmed that S. R. Crockett had greatly added to his reputation by his new book "Ian Maclaren." However, I had the curiosity to turn to the *Daily News*, and find that the quotation has no bearing whatever on the subject. The writer is comparing Scott with Stevenson in regard to their treatment of the Highlands. He says, "As far as we can remember, neither Sir Walter nor any of his followers ever described the condition of the Highlands and the Highlanders in the hard years that followed the Forty-five." And then he goes on to say, "There is always a temptation to exaggerate our praise of a new book which has given us rare pleasure, for gratitude inspires the critical judgment; but, even making allowance for this natural bias, it does not seem too strong to say that Mr. Stevenson's study of Highland character in its strength and weakness is the best thing of the sort that has been written since 'Rob Roy,' if, indeed, it is not better than 'Rob Roy.'" It will be seen that Mr. Murray deliberately omits the first half of the sentence, which puts quite a different colour on the comparison. As the *Daily News* critic, in this case a very eminent authority, put it, the statement is moderate, and, I think, correct, and would be disputed by very few people who really know the Highlands of Scotland. As I write I find in the October *Longman's* a full confirmation of my view by Mr. Lang himself. This, then, is out of the way, and the other quotation from *Truth* I find to be not by the accomplished writer who usually contributes the reviews of books in *Truth*, but by someone signed "Jessie Raine." This lady says, "You will, I know, think me guilty of wild exaggeration in saying that he is Scott's equal in narrative and in portrayal of character, but read 'Kidnapped' before you laugh at me." And is this one little irresponsible sentence to be given gravely as evidence to the bullying and insolent charges which Mr. Christie Murray has brought against the body of critics? The thing is too ludicrous, but the deliberate garbling of the *Daily News* article is not ludicrous.

I pass on to the statement about Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Barrie. It will be observed that Mr. Murray gives just one confirmation—from



MISS FLORENCE ST. JOHN IN HER BRIDAL DRESS IN "LA PÉRICHOLE,"
AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

the *Illustrated London News*. It has not, as it stands in Mr. Murray's quotation, any relation at all to his assertion. It does not exalt Mr. Barrie to the level of Scott; it simply says that, "If Scott had chosen to concentrate his attention entirely on humble life, he might undoubtedly have written something akin to 'The Little Minister.'" This Mr. Christie Murray apparently denies. However, when I turn to the review, I find it signed by no less a man than Dr. Garnett, of all living critics, perhaps, the most learned, the most delicate, and the most guarded. Dr. Garnett goes on to say, "He, Scott, never imagined that the delightful delineation of ordinary Scotch life in 'The Antiquary' or 'St. Ronan's Well' could be anything but an underplot, an accompaniment to what he himself pleasantly calls a peculiar bow-wow style." Thus Mr. Christie Murray has absolutely not one passage from the whole field of English criticism to quote in justification of his assertion about Mr. Barrie.

As to Mr. Weyman, I was not specifically referring to him. My contention related to the Scottish School. I do not pretend to have read

an attic window mainly stuffed with old hats. I have, however, through your kindness, and that of others, been able to deposit three-and-sixpence in the Post Office Savings Bank as a provision for my old age. I offer Mr. Murray one shilling for every quotation he can bring me which you consider relevant, and I am confident that my savings will remain intact.

It is worth pointing out that in not one of these so-called quotations does a Scottish newspaper figure. As Mr. Lang says in the *October Longman's*, "If a Scot is harshly treated, it is usually by brother Scots." And as to the close of Mr. Christie Murray's letter, does he mean to say that when he wrote his article on Mr. Crockett, he had read "The Raiders" and "The Lilac Sunbonnet"? If so, why did he not refer to them in his article? Does he mean to say that he did not treat Hall Caine and George Meredith as if they were practically on a level? Not only are their names given as the heading of one chapter, but we have plenty of sentences like this, "From Meredith to Hall Caine is from the study of the analyst to the foundry of the statuary; from art



MISS MAY MARTON, NOW APPEARING IN "THE MERMAIDS," AT THE AVENUE THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

many criticisms of Mr. Weyman, but I do not find, when I turn to the *St. James's Gazette* of Oct. 5, 1894, any reference to Mr. Weyman, although, of course, I am not bringing against Mr. Murray the very grave charge of deliberately inventing a review.

Then comes the case of Mr. Crockett at last. Here, again, we find two notices, the first of which says, "When we compare Mr. Crockett with Scott, it is with no idea of suggesting imitation." This is from the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph*, and, standing by itself, does not seem to lead to any such conclusion as Mr. Murray draws from it. But I have not the *Daily Telegraph* to refer to. Next comes a quotation from the *Whitehall Review*, which I have not been able to verify. No number of the *Whitehall Review*, so far as I can discover, was published on Nov. 22, 1894. But suppose a lady-writer in *Truth* and a writer in the *Whitehall Review* think that, in some respects, Mr. Crockett or Stevenson may be equal to Scott, what of that? What is there in that to support the enormous assertions that have been made, and made with such fury?

It will be noticed that Mr. Christie Murray does not attempt to vindicate his statement about Ian Maclaren. He says that if I pay him for his trouble he will find me the quotations. As you know, sir, I am not a wealthy novelist, but a poor journalist in Grub Street, looking from

in cold calm to art in stormy fire." "Hall Caine," we read later, "does not address himself to the vulgar and the careless. He is eager to leave his reputation to his peers and to posterity."—I am, Sir, Yours &c., O. O.

A valuable gift has just been presented to the Architectural School at King's College by Mr. John Oldrid Scott, F.S.A., in the shape of the whole of the original drawings and diagrams, some four hundred in number, used by Sir Gilbert Scott, R.A., as illustrations to his lectures at the Royal Academy. The collection contains many drawings by Sir Gilbert Scott himself, and by his pupils and others, including Mr. G. E. Street, R.A., Mr. J. G. Jackson, R.A., and Mr. W. S. Weatherley. Infinite pains were taken by Sir Gilbert Scott to render this set of illustrative drawings as complete as possible, and special expeditions were sometimes made to procure the required sketches, as he himself has recorded, and the collection is probably unique of its kind. Mr. Weatherley, himself a pupil of Sir Gilbert Scott, has also presented to the school the whole of the original drawings which he made for the illustration of Scott's Lectures on Architecture. King's College is greatly to be congratulated on these valuable donations, which form an important testimony to the success which has attended its School of Architecture.

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THE TRIPLE BILL AT THE AVENUE.

Probably everybody on Saturday evening was in hearty hope that Mr. FitzRoy Gardner, the new manager, in his triple bill had found such a programme as that which a few years ago enjoyed success in three of the West-End theatres. It can hardly be said that "The Mermaids," the *pièce de résistance*, is likely to equal "A Pantomime Rehearsal" in popularity. However, such a programme fortunately lends itself readily to change, and "The Mermaids," which tells of the adventures of the crew and passengers of the shipwrecked *Sonnambula* among the mermen and maids of the Channel, is a class of piece which can easily be strengthened by extra songs and dances without any inartistic violation of its unities.

The first piece of the triple bill, "The Baron's Wager," might almost be called "Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle" in one act. The subject is the wager made by Baron Octave de Géraudot to win a kiss from Clothilde, Marquise de Marsay, who is engaged to be married to him—a fact of which he is in ignorance. He wins his wager. Unfortunately, in the contriving of the piece one hardly finds the skill shown in the story concerning the wager kiss of Princess Osra of Ruritania.

The most interesting of the three is "My Lady's Orchard," by Mrs. Oscar Beringer. In it we see a curious picture of romantic twelfth-

century life, which in some respects is like nineteenth-century life. There is the elderly husband, the almost child-wife, and the Troubadour lover. The outcome is jealousy in the husband, not well founded nor yet unfounded, and a duel fought before the eyes of the wife, who is induced to believe that the combat is merely a jest. The husband wins and goes off in triumph with the young wife, leaving the Troubadour to die, and the pretty cause of all the mischief is vastly amused by what she deems a diverting *plaisanterie*. The play is not in verse, as might have been expected. The authoress has shown no little skill in imagining a twelfth-century prose dialogue that is not hopelessly unnatural. The vigour of her catastrophe, which presents really a terribly grim jest of fortune, gives great dramatic point to the short play. The part of the wife was very prettily played by Miss Vera Beringer, a young actress of the greatest promise, who is making very rapid strides. Miss Esmé Beringer as the Troubadour looked superb, and played with much passion and force. Mr. Charles Brookfield was obviously somewhat too modern in style for such a part as that of the husband.

The railway services between the North of Germany and the Hook of Holland have just been improved. A new train leaves Osnabrück at 6.19 p.m. and arrives at the Hook at 11.7 p.m., in time for the boat to Harwich. Passengers are therefore able to leave Hamburg at 2.47 p.m., and Bremen at 4.31 p.m., instead of 10.55 a.m. and 12.52 p.m. respectively, as hitherto. This train will also enable passengers from many important towns in Holland to leave for England much later than at present—for instance, from Haarlem at 9.8 p.m., Amsterdam at 9.33 p.m., and The Hague at 9.55 p.m., instead of Haarlem at 7.23 p.m., Amsterdam at 8.39 p.m., and The Hague at 9.36 p.m., thus considerably reducing the time for the through journey.

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A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.
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A TRIPLE BILL.
Produced under the direction of Mr. Charles Brookfield,
Consisting of
THE BARON'S WAGER, by the late Sir Charles Young. Mr. Sidney Warden and Miss Edith Ostlere;
MY LADY'S ORCHARD, by Mrs. Oscar Beringer. Mr. Charles Brookfield, Miss Vera Beringer, Mr. Frederick Volpe, and Miss Esme Beringer; and
THE MERMAIDS, A Submarine Musical Fantasy, by Gayer Mackay. Music by Claul Nugent. Mr. Frank Wyatt, Mr. C. M. Hullard, Mr. Arthur Helmore, Mr. Cecil Laurence, Miss Ruth Davenport, Miss Julie Ring, Miss Topsy Sinden, and Miss Lottie Venna.
Seats may be booked at the Box-Office (Mr. Candler) in person, or by letter or telegram, also at all Libraries.

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GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT. Doors open at 7.45.ALHAMBRA.—EVERY EVENING, GRAND NATIONAL
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SPECIAL NOTICE.—The Box Office (10 to 6) is now transferred to the Charing Cross Road.
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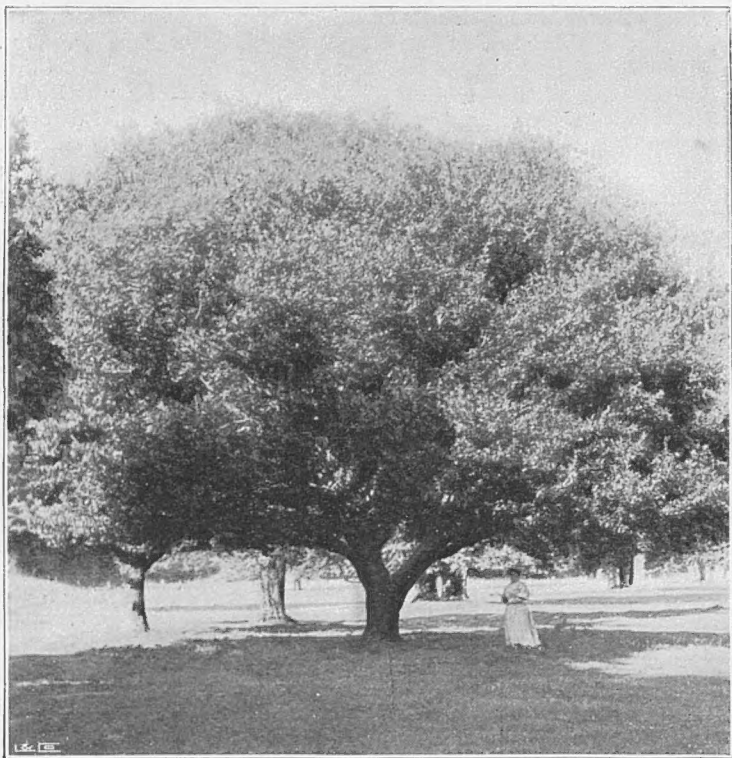
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that Messrs. Humber exclusively manufacture Expensive Machines. On the contrary, their Coventry Cycles can be purchased retail (fully guaranteed) for £15 (Gentlemen's) and £12 15s. (Lady's). For Catalogue and name of nearest Agent apply to
32, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

SMALL TALK.

If you wished to get an idea of the long time that had elapsed since the Queen visited Ireland, you could not get a better notion of it than by looking at the oak which the Queen planted at Muckross demesne, Killarney. Her Majesty and her Court could almost be accommodated beneath its branches to-day.

The charming winter residence near Monte Carlo belonging to Sir Edward Malet is being prepared for the reception of its autumn guests. This château is probably the best-built and arranged edifice of



OAK PLANTED AT KILLARNEY BY THE QUEEN.

Photo by Thomas, Fermoy.

the sort on the Riviera, having been constructed from the designs of its gifted owner. It need hardly be said that the sanitary arrangements are perfect, as they have been carried out under English supervision, and the water-supply arrangements, as well as the electric lighting, were entrusted to Messrs. Merryweather and Sons, of London.

How the nights "are wearing in"! By the time I leave my office the twilight is fading fast into darkness and all the lamps are lit. Not that I object, for to me there is always a curious fascination about London at night. The hideousness of acres of dingy yellow brick is toned down, and the effect of the West-End streets is heightened by the brilliant artificial light, electric or incandescent gas. That appeals tremendously, I think, to the man who sees London for the first time, and I, who have seen for a long time, feel the touch of youth in retaining a sense of this same fascination.

What of the sullen, clouded sky?
What of the fogs that will not flit?
For, howso'er the sun be shy,
I never see the world awry
When London's lit.

Mist rises from the river-bed,
And yet the town I would not quit,
For there upon the waters shed
I only seem to see the red
Of London lit.

You grumble that the air is thick,
Yet I for one care not a whit,
For, though the daylight vanish quick,
I do not see the miles of brick
When London's lit.

And what although the summer's o'er,
Folk once again will seek the pit;
They sigh for country lanes no more,
They'd rather haunt the gallery door
When London's lit.

Twin starred with lamps, the hansoms gleam;
The horses, champing chain and bit,
Turn nightly in a ceaseless stream
To playhouse-land—a fairy dream,
When London's lit.

The glare of gas, the glowing arc,
Stirs life—I cannot idly sit;
Time drags so dreary in the dark,
But vanish all the cares that cark
When London's lit.

All lovers of oratorio music have heard with regret of the approaching retirement of Miss Anna Williams, our leading British soprano in this field of art. She gives what is called her "only

farewell concert" in the Albert Hall, on Wednesday evening, the 13th, when several of her colleagues, including Madame Albani, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Edward Lloyd, will join in the tribute to this very popular singer. Since a certain Saturday afternoon, more than twenty-three years ago, when Anna Williams astonished an audience at the Crystal Palace with the beauty of her voice and the excellence of her style, she has gained laurel after laurel in the world of song. At all the Festivals she will be sadly missed, for no one was more reliable, no one more acceptable. For all-round knowledge of music and perfection in rendering difficult passages in our oratorios, Miss Williams has no living rival. She was never content with learning merely the soprano soli, but mastered the entire work. Mr. Plunket Greene once told me that Miss Williams knew perfectly the long bass solo in "Job," and quite envied him in having to sing it. The story of how she stepped into the breach at a Festival in Birmingham is only one instance of her courageous readiness and her power to study new music quickly.

Miss Williams has connections with literature and art, in addition to music, for her father was the discriminating appreciator of a certain Charlotte Brontë, who had timidly sent "Jane Eyre" to Smith, Elder, and Co. Mr. Smith Williams, who was the firm's "reader," saw the undoubted genius of the book, and recommended its publication. He was a fine literary critic, a friend of Thackeray, Ruskin, and many another famous man. The sister of Miss Williams is the wife of Mr. Lowes Dickinson, well known in the art world; her brother married Miss Marian Mackenzie, a charming singer, who has benefited by tuition from her sister-in-law. Miss Williams is a firm believer in the value of gymnastics to vocalists; I fancy there are not many women who can fence as well as she. Another of the pleasures of her busy life has been her dogs, who have been trained in quite an original and musical way. All who have the honour of knowing Miss Williams esteem her for the long career of conscientious and continuous study which has gained for her the high position in the musical world which she is about to leave.

A glance at the accompanying picture of Chilkoot Pass gives you a good idea of the difficulties involved in reaching Klondyke. This is part of the overland route to the Eldorado, and it is here that transit is congested, and, according to Mr. Ladue, many lives will be lost.



SUMMIT OF THE CHILKOOT PASS, ON THE ROAD TO KLONDYKE.

Reproduced from "Leslie's Weekly."

As the cavalry dépôt at Canterbury will cease to exist this month, owing to the reorganisation of our cavalry, this picture of the staff is of interest.

A correspondent writes: Apropos the article on the young Earl of Seafield in last week's *Sketch*, and on account of certain erroneous statements published regarding the father of the present Earl, to the

Major Pallin (Ver. Surgeon). Capt. Humphrey (Quartermaster). Capt. Smerdon (Paymaster). Major Matthews (Riding-Master).



Major Knox (Adjutant). Col. Abadie, C.B. (Commandant).

THE CAVALRY DÉPÔT STAFF, CANTERBURY.

Photo by Captain H. S. Samuel.

effect, for example, that he had worked as a farm-labourer, it may be taken as authoritative that, if he had done a little fencing or ditch-digging, it was on his own place, as he was a man who had no semblance of ostentation in his character. A resident in Southern Maoriland avers, however, that he "never took any odd job, fencing or ditching, that he could get hold of." The Dowager Countess—a daughter of Major Evans, of Clooneavin, in the Otago country—is, the same authority states, "a lady in every sense, and always has been by surroundings and upbringing. The Evans family in Otago are relatives of Lord Carbery, and have always held a substantial position in New Zealand. As to the young Earl, those who know him think he has a bright future in front. He will, in all probability, go into the House of Representatives in time, and he has backbone enough even to become a political leader of the great democratic colony."

In Mr. G. H. Stevens's brilliant letters from Germany in the *Daily Mail* there is the following striking portrait of the German Emperor, which will be read by William II.—who, I am told, reads everything that is said about him here—with slight pleasure—

And between the walls of acclamation came riding the Kaiser. A man of middle size, sitting constrainedly and bolt upright; a dead-yellow skin, hard-pencilled brows, a straight, masterful nose, lips jammed close together under a dark moustache pointing straight upward to the whites of his eyes. A face at once repulsive and pathetic, so harsh and stony was it, so grimly solemn. A face in which no individual feature was very dark, but which altogether was black as thunder. He raised his gloved hand in a stiff, mechanical salute, and turned his head impassively from left to right: but there was no courtesy in the salute, no light in his eye, no smile on the tight mouth for his loyal subjects. He looked like a man without joy, without love, without pity, without hope. He looked like a man who had never laughed, like a man who could never sleep. A man might wear such a face who felt himself turning slowly into ice.

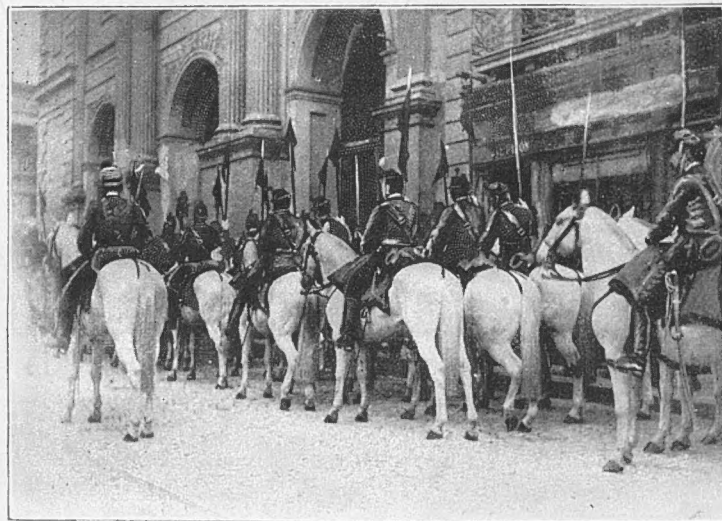
If they want to annoy you in Germany, they tell you that the Emperor's bad temper is due to his English blood. This was said to me once in Erfurt, and once again in Schwerin. As he has really no English blood, the indictment is not worth much.

London, in respect of her public schools, her asylums, her almshouses, is vanishing from among us. In the early part of the fast-declining century there existed a tea house in North London called Copenhagen House, and about its somewhat notorious precincts lay an open space known as Copenhagen Fields. It was in Copenhagen Fields that Mr. George Tappan, a well-known architect of the day, built that spacious and semi-classic building the Royal Caledonian Asylum, so familiar to North Londoners. It is this most excellent institution which is about to follow the example of many another, and remove into the country, but what will take its place on a site which for seventy years has seen the fruition of a most excellent idea ("the relief of the children of soldiers, sailors, and mariners, natives of Scotland, who have died or been disabled in the service of their country") I have not heard. The royal family have consistently patronised this charity.

Talking of the continued disappearance of old London buildings, I hear that yet another of our ancient hostels has closed its doors for ever, and that "Dick's Coffee-House" is a thing of the past. Whether or not the ancient building, which a good many literary men are familiar with, is the *real* Dick's in which Dr. Johnson and other spirits congenial were once used to assemble is, I should say, doubtful; but it is certainly quite possible that it may be. Dick's Coffee-House was originally known as "Richard's," and was so called after Richard Tarver, to whom the house was let in 1680. The lease is, I believe, in the possession of Messrs. Butterworth, of Fleet Street. The *London Gazette* in 1693 speaks of the house as Richard's; but a pamphlet of the same year calls it "Dick's," so we may assume that the more familiar name soon found favour with its customers, or rather, with some of them, for, while the *Tatler* says, "We came to Dick's Coffee-House, where . . . Sir Harry called for a mug of ale and *Dyer's Letter*," the poet Cowper, in his account of his insanity, is described as being "at Richard's Coffee-House at breakfast" when he read the satire which determined him to "poison myself in a ditch, when I could meet with one sufficiently retired." To our generation it has always, however, been "Dick's," and as such all who prize London's older literary associations must regret it.

Rarely does one hear nowadays of such a fire as overtook the little Buckingham village of Ravenstone. The village, which lies in the extreme north of the county, is entirely agricultural, the population being some three hundred. The cottages are built of rubble stone, with the picturesque old thatch which is so quickly vanishing from England. The fire arose, by a strange irony, out of an act of kindness. Mr. W. G. Eyles is the biggest farmer in the village, and out of kindness to the labourers who have allotments allows them to store their slender crops in the barn, and thrashes their wheat for them. About half-past eleven on Friday morning (Sept. 24), when most of the men were away in the fields, the steam-thresher belonging to Mr. Eyles was busily providing winter food for the cottagers. A spark from the engine escaped unnoticed, and concealed itself in the dry thatch of the roof. In five minutes or less the barn was well alight. Just by the barn was a huge stack of clover. A strong breeze was blowing at the time, and the sparks flew straight for the stack. Almost before the men at work in the barn could escape from it the stack caught fire. Bucket brigades were hastily organised, but, with a meagre supply of water and nothing better than buckets to pour it on the flames, the task was hopeless. The nearest towns are Olney and Newport Pagnell, the one three miles away, the other six. To these mounted messengers were sent. Both these little towns possess volunteer fire brigades, with a couple of manual engines. They did good service, but not before eight cottages, two barns, with out-houses, as well as some loose gear and machinery, were destroyed, six-and-twenty people being rendered homeless. Some exciting scenes took place.

The name of Montevideo has appeared at intervals in the papers during the last six months, in connection with civil war, the assassination of the President, and the peace recently concluded. Few people, however, remember that Montevideo was for a time a British possession within the present century. The place was a strong fortress, garrisoned by Spanish troops, when a British naval squadron, with five thousand soldiers on board, appeared before it in January 1807. The Spanish forces, aided by the inhabitants, were defeated on the land side by a British force which had marched round the town. On Feb. 2 a breach was made in the sea-wall by the cannon of the British fleet close to the bastion from which the English Church now overlooks the sea; the same night the place was taken by assault; the British loss amounted to eight hundred. This success would probably still be remembered among



THE MONTEVIDEAN PRESIDENT'S ESCORT AWAITING HIS EXIT FROM THE CATHEDRAL.

the notable exploits of the British arms but for the fact that the invaders evacuated Montevideo seven months later in consequence of the disgraceful capitulation signed by General Whitelocke in Buenos Ayres. The illustration shows the President's escort, mounted on white horses, awaiting his exit from the Cathedral on the spot where he was murdered on the 25th of last month.

THE FIRE IN A BUCKS VILLAGE.

Photographs by Thorneycroft, Newport Pagnell.



WHERE THE FIRE ORIGINATED.



A SAMPLE OF WHAT THE FIRE DID.

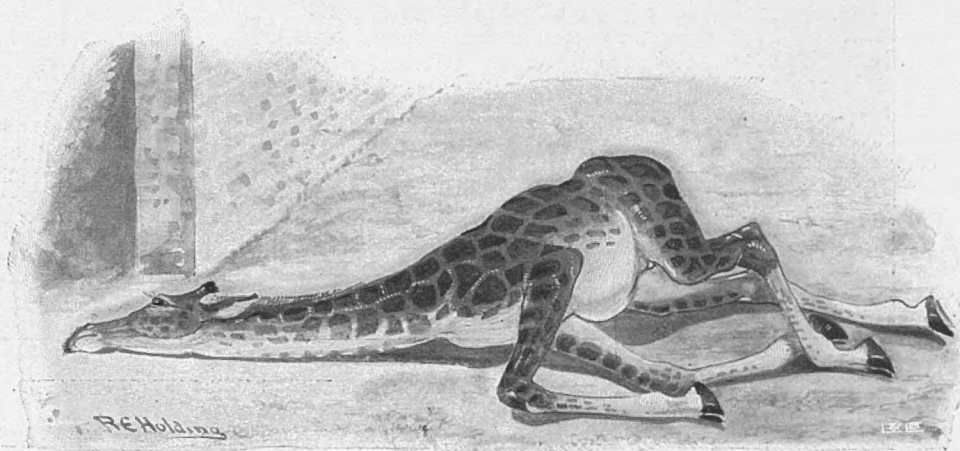


FIVE GENERATIONS.

It is not everyone who enjoys the proud position of being a great-great-grandmother; yet such an one is to be found in the pretty village of Blockley, in Worcestershire, in the person of Mrs. Cook. This lady, who resides under the fostering care of her daughter (who is by way of being a great-grandmother), reaches her ninety-seventh year in November, and although enjoying good health, and in possession of all her faculties, is confined to her bed. A remarkable coincidence is attached to the birth and death of her only two sons. Both were born on the same day of the year (Feb. 25), one two years after the other; and by an extraordinary decree of fate, they were both destined to die on the same day of the year (April 9), one two years after the other, the same interval intervening at their death as at their birth. They were both just over fifty-one years of age. Failing male issue, the five generations are perpetuated through the female line, as shown in the picture, and they all reside at the present time in the village. The old lady is keenly alive to the importance of her position, being the head of a family consisting of nearly fifty members.

Sportsmen and tourists are familiar with the round-about which the Highland Railway takes on the way to Inverness. It goes north as far as Forres, and then, turning sharply to the left along the Moray Firth, proceeds in a west by south-west direction. It follows, as it were, two sides of a triangle. A shorter route is now approaching completion. Leaving the Spey at

wind blows so hard that the men cannot stand in the arches and the crane cannot be worked. This viaduct, made of excellent stone masonry, will be a worthy memorial of the skill of the Highland

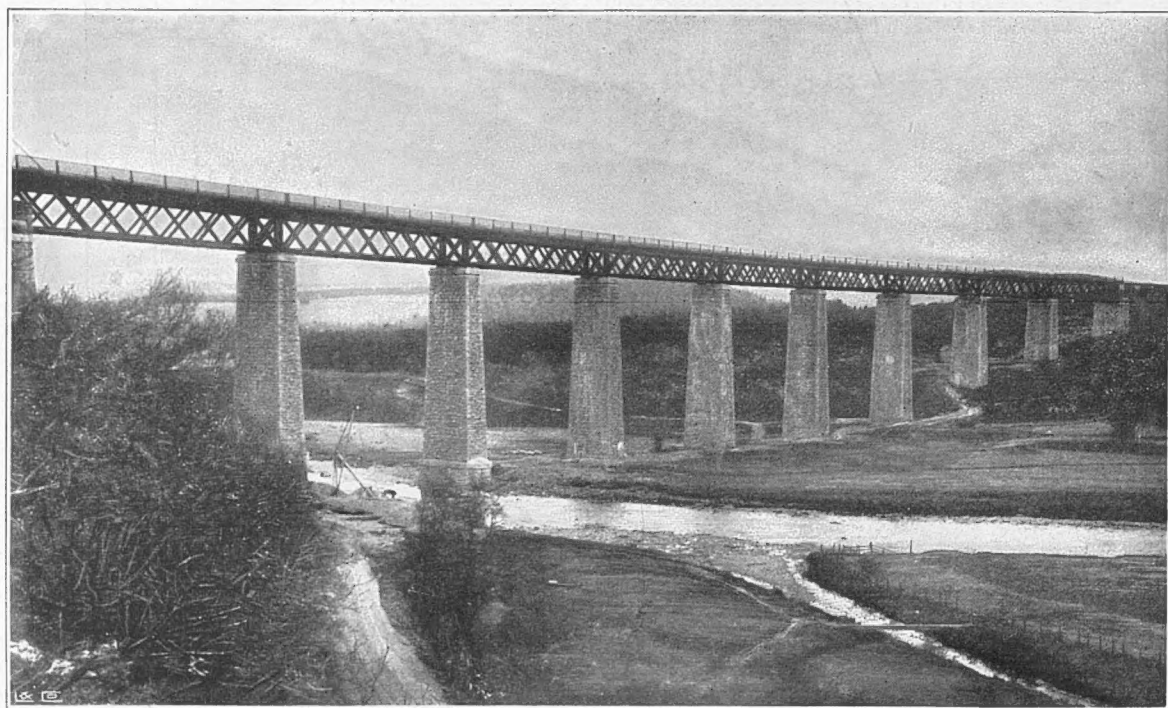


THE DEAD GIRAFFE.

Railway engineers. The new line being open as far north as Daviot, 'buses run out from Inverness with passengers who wish to travel over it, and other tourists drive through the Culloden battle-ground to see the Nairn Viaduct. By next season the through trains will be running by the direct route.

The *post-mortem* on the poor giraffe which was sent to the Queen and died in the "Zoo" showed that the immediate cause of death had been acute bronchitis. The body generally, however, was in good condition. The animal was apparently rising four years old.

The last time Lipton's teas sent a warm glow through the heart of the Chancellor of the Exchequer was when Lipton broke the record on a previous occasion. Now Sir M. Hicks-Beach has experienced a still warmer glow, for Mr. Lipton has just signed a cheque for £50,513 11s. 5d. This also was for tea duty, and, like the other, is the biggest duty cheque ever paid. As the duty on tea is 4d. per pound, £50,513 11s. 5d. in duty represents 1300 tons of tea! This is one man's clearance out of the Custom House in one week, and the weekly consumption of tea in the whole of Great Britain does not exceed 2000 tons—that is, only 700 tons more than the 1300 tons.



THE FINDHORN VIADUCT.

Photo by D. Whyte, Inverness.

The old warlike sports of the noble Maori are dying rapidly, the younger generation having more knowledge of foot-, billiard-, and cricket- than of rifle- or cannon-balls. Last June, however, a revival was attempted at Marton, Rangitikei, New Zealand, the Maoris of the district being invited to give an exhibition of the ancient "Haka," or war-dance. A subscription was started to entertain the performers, and on the appointed day the committee had ready twenty sheep, a bullock and a half, five hundred loaves, twelve bags of sugar, a ton of potatoes, two loads of firewood, a cart-load of cabbages, and twelve pounds of tea. My correspondent, who sends me the photographs I reproduce, says of his Maori friends, "A good feed is a little heaven to them." To their "little heaven," then, came the braves to the number of two hundred and fifty, bringing a big dray-load of cooking-utensils, besides the implements for the "Haka." At two p.m. the performers stripped for action, and acquitted themselves well on the whole, although it was remarked that the bullock and half, the twelve tons of potatoes, &c., had dulled somewhat of the ancient fire and fierceness. After the dance they held a Koreso (palaver), and presented their mats and spears to the Town Council as the nucleus of a museum. The Hon. Mr. Stephens, M.P. for Marton, accepted the gifts with a complimentary speech in Maori. The visitors tarried two days, and then departed, taking with them what

The sparrow not only does active mischief, he does indirect harm by driving away the swallows, martins, and other insect-eating birds, which would devour all the harmful insects he eats, and more besides, were they left alone. Moreover, most of the insects the sparrow likes are innocuous so far as vegetable life is concerned. Ouida's outburst has been evoked by the pamphlet Miss Ormerod and Mr. Tegetmeier have recently issued: I wonder what she will have to say to the sparrow-book which is soon to appear from the same capable hands.

An Indian correspondent wishes to know why we "people at home" are making so much fuss about equine sun-bonnets. I don't know that there has been much fuss, unless the strenuous efforts of the few to introduce hats for horses can be called so. In the East these adjuncts to harness are commonly used; the mules used by the Bombay and Calcutta tramway companies wore sun-bonnets ten years ago and more, and very ugly they looked in them. Many Europeans in large towns in the East furnish their horses and ponies with *topies* for wear during the hot hours of the day; the article looks more like a cricketer's leg-guard, with the knee-piece drooping over the eyes of the nag, than anything else. It is a piece of horse-furniture that very little effort can render grotesque, but which no ingenuity can make appear ornamental.



The Chief.

THE "HAKA" OF THE MAORIS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. BILLENS, MARTON, RANGITIKEI, NEW ZEALAND.

remained of the eatables. Altogether, it was an enjoyable picnic for Maoris and "Pakehas," as they call the white people.

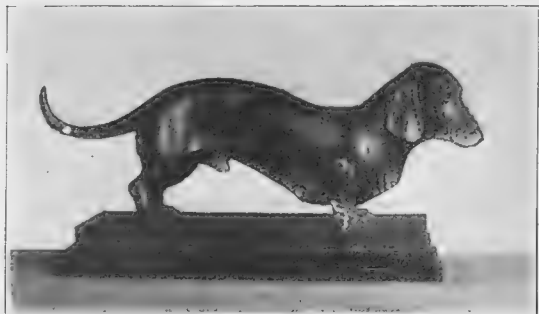
I confess (says a correspondent) that for many years I cherished what latterly became a sneaking affection for the sparrow, and regarded with indignation the institutions for his undoing known as "sparrow clubs." Compelled to hear the case the agriculturist has against him, the evidence in his disfavour could not be explained away, and the sparrow must count me now among his foes. By the way, I wish well-intentioned but one-eyed people would not gush about "God's little sparrows"; surely the farmer is equally a creation of the Almighty.

Ouida is less remarkable for the soundness of her reasoning than the eloquence of her pen, and in taking up the cudgels for the sparrow she is probably quite unaware of the character of the bird whose cause she champions. Never has criminal, human, furred, feathered, or scaled, had more patient and careful trial than the sparrow, and the more prolonged the investigations, the worse does he come out of the ordeal. Throughout the year corn of some kind forms seventy-five per cent. of the adult bird's diet; six per cent. only is composed of beetles, caterpillars, and flying insects, and ten per cent. of the seeds of weeds. In regard to this, a reliable observer has tried the experiment of destroying only sparrows and encouraging other birds, with the result that his gardens, flower and kitchen, after a few years of this policy, showed distinctly better results.

Somebody—a master of hounds, I think—once said that a huntsman's career was one of falls broken by testimonials. There is exaggeration in this, but the huntsman of a good pack who shows sport is seldom allowed to go unrewarded. Charles Travers, who carries the horn with the Cotswold, has just been presented with the comfortable sum of seven hundred and sixty pounds on completing a quarter of a century's service with the pack. The Cotswold have been busy among the cubs, having accounted for five and a-half brace in seven days' work.

An aged Scottish newsagent and journalist has, I regret to hear, fallen on evil days. In 1837 John Miller, now in his eighty-third year, began business in Bonhill, Vale of Leven, where he continued for several years to sell many well-known London publications. He was also an agent for literature of a more inflammatory character, having disseminated Chartist publications in the early 'forties. In 1843 he removed to Barrhead, and there he is still actively engaged in business, working usually from seven a.m., so tough is this veteran. It is not news-vending, as agent, that has burdened Mr. Miller. He attempted newspaper proprietorship, and for more than thirty years has published and edited the *Renfrewshire Independent* single-handed. The publication, unfortunately, was carried on at a weekly loss. Always hoping that things would improve, Mr. Miller held on, and now is pretty severely saddled with a printer's bill. Some friends have, accordingly, made an appeal for subscriptions to lift the burden off the old man's shoulders.

The dachshund Champion Wiseacre, the property of Mr. Sidney Woodiuss, who is shortly giving up his kennel, has been very accurately modelled by Mr. Percy Taylor, and a very beautiful replica of the same in bronze has been completed by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, Regent Street. Wiseacre has carried all before him in his class since 1894, and during 1897 won first prizes at Cruft's, Leicester, and Aquarium Shows.



THE DACHSHUND CHAMPION WISEACRE.

The *News of the Week* is the latest newspaper venture. It is going to make another bold bid for halfpenny journalism. The early editions will be issued on

Saturday, and the last edition on Sunday morning. The editor is Mr. C. H. Grinling, an expert on railway matters, who has written an elaborate book on the Great Northern Railway for Messrs. Methuen.

Apropos of the description of Monek Mason's great balloon voyage to Germany in the current issue of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, I may draw attention to an article in the September number of *Le Monde Moderne* concerning the many latter-day attempts to make these unstable air-ships pursue a definite course. The *ballon dirigeable*, over which so many French inventors have spent years of thought and work, is, of course, quite unlike what the man in the street understands by the word "balloon," for in each case the air-ship has been boat-shaped, and the more perfected specimens resemble nothing so much as huge cigars, pointed at both ends, the cages or decks being suspended below. Some ten years ago a well-known military aeronaut, Commandant Renard, made a number of very successful experiments which aroused intense interest both in French and foreign military circles, and it seems to have been definitely proved that his discovery or invention, call it what one will, would become of instant practical utility were a motive-power discovered which could be condensed into a really small compass. Now, thanks to the experiments lately made by those engineers who have concentrated their minds on the motor-car problem, Commandant Renard hopes to have solved what has always been the one insuperable difficulty in his way. If what is here asserted be true, we may hope to see in the very near future a regular balloon service established between Paris and London, St. Petersburg and Constantinople, to say nothing of the Pole and Klondyke!

The improvements that have recently been introduced into the pianoforte-manufacturing trade have, perhaps, nowhere taken so ingeniously practical a form as in the instruments for which Messrs. John Brinsmead and Son are responsible. In the newest pianos of their manufacture three valuable improvements are now to be recorded. In place of the solid block of wood which has hitherto completed the back portion of the piano, channels have been let into it, by means of which the strength of the instrument is not in the smallest degree impaired, while the tone, say of an ordinary upright, has been converted into that of a small grand. This is, of course, in the nature of a permanent improvement; but the new tuning apparatus of the same firm may rather be described as of the highest occasional advantage. By this clever arrangement the bolts pass through, in a perpendicular position, a solid metal frame, and not, as of old, in a horizontal position, through a frame made up part of wood and part of metal. By reason of the greater elasticity of the metal, and by means of hammers provided within the frame of the piano, it is possible for the weakest wrist at a moment's notice to bring any note into perfect unison. Finally, by a new patent check action the repetition of notes in the most difficult pieces is made practically unfatiguing. The combination of these inventions in one instrument makes of it something unique even in the history of the modern pianoforte.

I have just heard (writes a Paris correspondent) a couple of stories showing that terrible pamphleteer, Henri Rochefort, in his varying moods. The day after his wedding, which I spoke about last week, he went down to St. Cloud with his bride and enjoyed himself at the local fair as though he were on the brighter side of thirty. Strolling towards the Park he met a priest who was accompanying a party of boys from the Catholic school. One of them was the possessor of a small hand-camera, and on seeing Rochefort he stopped with amazement. Then, hurrying towards the priest, he demanded permission to ask Rochefort to pose for him. The priest smiled, but consented. The idea of the famous Atheist rendering a service such as this to a little Catholic boy was ludicrous. But Henri accepted with a laugh, and allowed himself to be moved from one spot to another, and finally deferred to the order to take his hat off. On leaving, the priest and Rochefort saluted, and the faithful chronicler records that there was a smile on the faces of both of them.

But when it came to Zola, the sterner stuff in the man was seen. For years there has been a bitter feud between the two. Recently, at Cabourg, Rochefort was invited to the house of a literary friend, and it

was only at the last moment that the hostess saw the mistake she had made in securing the attendance of Zola on the same occasion. She begged Rochefort to meet Zola, and for her sake he agreed to do so. Zola, for his part, was delighted at the opportunity of a reconciliation. He approached Rochefort, and said, "We have been on bad terms so long, and——" Then Rochefort frowned, and, turning on his heel, remarked, "I see no reason why we should not continue on the same terms."

The following instance of the utility of advertising, and of solicitude on the part of the possessor to discover the owner of a long-lost article, could not be easily paralleled. Seventeen years ago this month, William Scott, a member of the Caithness County Cycling Club, won in a competition a gold charm in the form of a Maltese cross, with inscription. A few years later, at Barberton, in the Transvaal, where Scott held an appointment in the Bank of Natal, and while travelling on horseback, the charm was lost by being wrenched from the watch-chain through striking against the pommel of the saddle. Until recently nothing was heard of the missing charm, and its owner had for a long time ceased to think of it. The other day, however, there appeared in a northern paper an announcement that the "wife of William Scott, Bremersdorp, Swaziland," had given birth to a son. A few days after, a lady called at the house in—— and inquired if the William Scott mentioned was the individual who in the year 1880 had won a gold Maltese cross as a cycling prize in Caithness. Being answered in the affirmative, she at once produced the lost article, which her brother had found about ten years ago in the Transvaal, and the cross is again in possession of its rightful owner.

How comes it that Glasgow, which is the "second city of the Empire," as it likes to boast, and the municipal government of which has evoked praise from English and Transatlantic corporations, has refused, by a majority of ten votes in its Town Council, to adopt the Free Libraries Act? The commercial capital possesses only two libraries, the Mitchell, in which books may be read but not borrowed, and the Stirling, the first receiving from the Corporation an annual grant of £2000. It is thus apparent that no city in the kingdom is so poorly furnished as is Glasgow with libraries or news-rooms. This fact and the continually growing extent of Glasgow render the Council's decision all the more surprising. The fear that, were it to adopt the Free Libraries Act, the Corporation would lose its autocratic power, seems to have influenced the majority in the vote. It should be borne in mind, however, that in nearly every town north of the Tweed possessing a free library, the ratepayers and corporations were practically bribed by the gifts of a successful countryman, after many rejections, to adopt the Act.

There was a very interesting gathering at the breakfast given by the two new Sheriffs of London, Mr. Alderman Frank Green and Mr. Dewar, in the Lorrimers' Hall on Sept. 28, a noteworthy element in this gathering of City functionaries being the presence of Mr. Collins, the Chairman of the London County Council. This is the lion lying down with the lamb indeed, although one is a little uncertain now which is the lion. Mr. Alderman Green has an admirable voice, and proposed toasts and responded to them with charming vigour. His colleague, Mr. Dewar, is also a good speaker, although with a little too much of the American accent. One interesting thing which struck me was the notification over the door of the Lorrimers' Hall to the effect that a certain Lord Mayor in the reign of Edward III. had dined five kings in that hall. One was Edward III. himself, another was his prisoner, King John of France, another King David of Scotland, another the King of Cyprus, and the fifth the King of Denmark. It is an interesting irony of circumstances that England and Denmark are the only two countries which can still claim to have a sovereign in that way, although that might even be denied to England, now that the sovereignty is of Great Britain and Ireland. That point of contrast might be carried further, when it is remembered that the daughter of the King of Denmark is the future Queen of England, and that Cyprus is now one of the British possessions.

To return to Mr. Alderman Green. I noticed that a further sign of his popularity was the presentation to the Alderman of a badge containing his armorial bearings, and at the top of it a painting of the Tower Bridge, indicating his connection with that great undertaking. The badge contains the following: "Presented to the Worshipful Frank Green, Esq., Alderman, upon his election to the office of Sheriff of the City of London, by his neighbours in the ward of Vintry, and other friends, as a mark of their appreciation and esteem."



Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company.

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A SWORDSMEN'S BOUT AT WHITTON PARK CLUB.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY R. W. THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

One of the reputations over which the reading world blunders most is that of Mr. Henry James. Lately Mr. Christie Murray treated him as if he were a mincing, affected, literary dandy, quite out of touch with human thoughts and ways. To the general reader he is a "light" writer, who flatters them, by talking of the frivolous things they like to read about in a way that sounds wonderfully clever, and is a good deal over their heads. Of course, he isn't a light writer at all, nor one easy to read in a hurry. He is tremendously serious, but, in a literary sense, rather shy, and he has his own fashions of veiling his seriousness, which are sometimes happy and sometimes not. What really fails him is that he has the impulse to high spirits, and wants the animal vigour for it. He does all he can to make up for this by his constant sense of the fun, nay, the farce of life; but most English readers now demand that the fun should be sandwiched between thick wedges of sentiment; and a man who is never lyrical and never openly sentimental is looked on as a queer foreign creature, clever and interesting, no doubt, but not, of course, a serious person—which is just what this one happens to be. And it is with common human ways he is most concerned. He hardly ever draws an abnormal character. But ordinary folks and he have never quite "hit it off." His analysis makes them appear wonderful, which, of course, they are not; and, instead of being flattered, they feel uncomfortable. What kind of reception will his new book have? "What Maisie Knew" (Heinemann) is a magnificent bit of serious workmanship, all in words of one syllable, so to speak. There is not a suggestion of uncommon motives or feelings in it, and there is under the surface a rare depth of feeling. Mr. James has done in a masterly and artistic fashion what Daudet completely failed to do—shown how divorce and the conduct that leads to it may affect the innocent.

Why did not Du Maurier write expressly for children and youth? To read "The Martian" (Harper) convinces you that the grown-up world of things was never very much to him, and you guessed as much from "Peter Ibbetson," and even from "Trilby." There was a golden glow from early days in his heart and imagination, which blinded him to the realities of later life. When he tried to paint them, only melodrama was the result. So it remains that he has made childhood and youth real and beautiful in his book, and occasionally childlike grown persons. "The Martian" cannot compete with his other books in interest; but it reveals the writer's nature far more directly, his likes and dislikes, and the directions where life seemed good to him. Innocence and pleasantness and grace sum up all his desires for man and woman, and, as the combination is oftenest seen in childhood and youth, thither were turned his eyes. Of course, to hear that the charming little Barty Josseling grew into the man who altered the complexion of English thought is monstrous, and no fantastic explanation makes it otherwise. Yet we cannot speak angrily of such a book, and the only way to avoid it is by putting down the tale of the hero's fame to a freak of the wine-merchant biographer's muddled brain, and fixing one's attention on the unmistakable charms of Barty while schoolboy, guardsman, or mildly Bohemian artist. We follow him through babyhood to his death, but we never feel he has grown up, and that brings us back to our first query—Why did not Mr. Du Maurier write for well-bred children? Who would have done so with more understanding and grace?

The newest romance of money almost devulgarises the millionaire's pile. In Mr. Louis Tracy's "An American Millionaire" (Pearson), the pile belonging to Mr. Jerome K. Vansittart is so enormous, so limitless, that its owner cannot possibly spend any significant fraction of it on his own personal desires, appetites, interests. He is only a little wearied with it all—when his opportunity and that of his colossal fortune come into sight in the shape of a Mdle. de Montpensier, of the royal house of France. She plays the exiled Princess quite in the grand style, and, in answer to his request for her hand, replies that she will marry him who will win her country back to Monarchy and sit upon the throne. Very modestly, he says that is henceforth his aim in life, and, with all the promptitude of a New York man of business, sets about the little affair. From that point the story becomes wildly exciting. You have political intrigues and *coups d'état* in Paris, and attempted murders of the hero there and elsewhere; you have the development of the great scheme to fertilise and colonise the Sahara, the solution of the labour difficulty in France, quarrels with the Arabs, wild battles, and all the monarchical splendour of the hero in the rebuilt palace of St. Cloud. Assassins may prowl in the dark; plotters and slanderers may throw mud at his good name; Europe may stare in wonder, and growl; he sits above the storm, serene and perfectly confident. It is a terribly demoralising book; never was money shown to be so tremendous and so successful a power. No harm comes of it—at least, while Mr. Tracy keeps the genial millionaire controller of affairs. But, alas! the hero, being a man of domestic tastes, got tired of the Princess—no wonder—who, moreover, was not in love with him, but with a certain harum-scarum, ridiculous young cousin, one Prince Henri of Navarre. So Vansittart married a less exalted personage, and, after enjoying modestly the shouts of the Parisian populace at his every appearance—"Vive l'Empereur!"—he handed the crown and a contented, happy people to his two royal friends, with all good wishes and some quiet advice whispered in their ears about the merits of constitutional monarchy. And Paris looked on and agreed and cheered. And after? But there is no recorded afterwards. Honeymoons and the near prospects of corn and wine and oil in the Sahara, the new French colony, end this astonishing and cheerful and most entertaining romance.—O. O.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

One of the most interesting developments of the last few years has been the sudden rise to importance of "Our Lady of the Snows," as Rudyard the Rough-and-Ready termed the Dominion of Canada—an epithet rather well-meant than successful. For a number of years, many Englishmen, not a few Canadians, and nearly all citizens of the United States had seemed to retain a conviction down in their inmost hearts that, in spite of divergence of interests, in spite of loyalty and history, the belt of red covering the north of the great western continent would be some day washed over with whatever colour might be adopted for the territory of its neighbouring State. Professor Goldwin Smith echoed the dismal prophecy in season and out of season, like a cross between Cato the Elder and an Irish Banshee; "American" writers and speakers assumed with calm confidence that Canada was nearly ripe to drop from the tree into the apple-barrel of the Yankee. It seemed so natural and inevitable! Here was a long and—as regarded its settled part—comparatively narrow belt of territory, conterminous along a great frontier with a richer, more developed, and more powerful State, the most progressive part of each population, moreover, being of the same stock. The French element of Canada could be absorbed by the Great Republic even as it had been in Louisiana; or, if hard to absorb, it would still be safer and more valuable than the black population.

The later aggressive extension of the original Monroe Doctrine was involved in this theory of the future of Canada. It was a sort of inference from the state of things resulting from the practical observance of that doctrine. Monroe's view was that America was now divided up, and the existing States could only expand by occupying any unappropriated or unexplored districts on their borders. More especially, no European State was to be allowed to found new colonies or recover old ones already lost. The inference that existing European Colonies must necessarily go the way of those already independent was not drawn by Monroe; but it was natural that his more powerful and more grasping successors should extend his theory to cover what seemed its inevitable consequence. President Cleveland's perfectly unnecessary remark—apropos of Venezuela—as to the unnatural and merely temporary connection between any European State and its American Colonies, would have seemed a truism to an audience of his own countrymen, though, in a foreign despatch, it was an insolence. It is very far from seeming a truism now in the case of Canada.

The fact is, as we are once more reminded, that in surveying a historical development we frequently omit to take account of conditions which suffice, apparently, to nullify for a time, or even permanently, the most seemingly obvious general laws of political evolution. A man of genius, an extensive storm or pestilence, a birth, death, or marriage in a family house—nay, even an obscure racial difference—will upset the general laws that look so well in a philosophy of history, but seldom get a good innings in the world of the present. What could seem more natural than the union of Spain and Portugal? The Peninsula was united under the Romans, and again under the Visigoths; if Portugal was formed by an isolated conquest from the Moors, so were the Spanish kingdoms. In race and speech Spaniards and Portuguese are near akin; in religion identical. Their progress has been parallel, except that Portugal took to the sea, while Spain warred by land. The great mountains and rivers cut right across Portugal. And yet when Spain at last absorbed Portugal, and philosophers doubtless declared it was just what they had always expected, the union did not last. Sixty years, or less, saw the end of it, and all the subsequent attempts of the big country to conquer the little one failed miserably.

So, it would seem, with Canada. The absorption of which some politicians were so cocksure is adjourned to an indefinite future. It may never take place; or it may happen, under altered conditions, as a part of a gigantic federation or alliance. The Canadian apple has never looked less like dropping on the American side of the fence. And while a peaceful annexation has receded out of view, the plan of a conquest periodically ventilated in the "Jingo" press of the United States looks less probable. The conditions of a war would resemble those of the almost forgotten (by Englishmen) struggle of 1812, allowing for the enormous expansion in the means of the parties to that struggle. The United States began that war (quite unnecessarily, by the way) in the expectation of suffering disasters at sea and having their coasts harried, but with assumed certainty of recouping such losses by easily overrunning Canada. They gained considerable and unexpected successes both at sea and in repelling some of the attacks on their coast; but the invasion of Canada failed completely, in spite of some well-fought battles.

And the moral of that is an elementary but much overlooked fact of military history—that the invasion of an extensive and difficult country, inhabited by a hostile population, is the very hardest task for a veteran army; to raw troops it is nearly an impossibility. The experiment was tried at the outset of the American Civil War; the result was Bull Run. A war for commercial or frontier disputes should not and would not appeal to the "great heart of the American people." Begun without pressing need, it would be ended, not by initial defeats, perhaps, but certainly at the first partial success of the United States. A hostile Canada would be almost impossible to conquer, and quite impossible to hold, without a German military system, and no Canadian game is likely to be worth so costly a candle as that.

MARMITON.



Siegfried by main force slew this dragon, made broth of him, and, warned by some significant phenomena, bathed therein ; or, as others assert, bathed directly in the monster's blood without cookery, and thereby obtained that invulnerability.—CARLYLE.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE SILLY SEASON GAME.

BY VIOLET HUNT.

There is a certain little square grey cottage in Wales, five miles from a station, a lemon, or a newspaper. It is situated at the foot of a mountain, whose silver streams pour down into its back-yard continually, and at the head of a lake, whose soft mists rise and fog the windows night and day. The deep road which runs in front of it might just as properly be called a watercourse, and perhaps the best way to keep one's feet dry is to avoid it and keep to either bank. This cottage lets lodgings, and has been taken for August and September—four bedrooms, a sitting-room, a back-yard, and a water-butt—by an enterprising family from Bayswater, who have agreed to bring all their varieties of "nerves," their "seasonal depression," and their "office headaches" to be cured by a couple of months in the mountains.

It rains habitually in mountain countries, and no exception has ever been known to prove the rule, so the road that winds past Rosebud Cottage is, as I have said, more often a watercourse, while the vaunted view from the windows is absolutely non-existent in the "soft mist" that is the local euphony for rain; the cruel rain that drives away visitors and makes the "lodging-house season" as naught.

Any ordinary family would be abjectly miserable in such quarters, and would spend their days in loudly cursing the boots they came in, the char-à-banc that brought them, the ill-spent money that went to pay the rent; but we are not an ordinary family, and are quite equal to making any given point in Arctic or Antarctic Circles into a social centre. We are seven. The mother of us all is just the mother she ought to be, not too clever, not too good, old-fashioned enough to be laughed at, gently, and a capital hand at ordering a dinner out of nothing. My two sisters are Christina and Sylvia. Christina we call our New Woman, though she is really very nice and well-bred, poor dear! Sylvia, who abhors everything appertaining and approaching to want of femininity, is the Young who is the Old. Then we have our *enfant terrible*, without which no family is complete. The rest are brothers, pleasant, various-minded, energetic young men, full of character and unexpectedness.

Now, when the weather broke hopelessly in mid-August, did we sit and cry over spilt water? For it was literally water that was spilt, as if the heavenly pitcher overhead had suddenly been upset by a careless Providence. No, we closed up the grates and wiped the window-sills periodically, and put weights on the carpet, so that the draught under the door should not make it bulge and rise to meet our footsteps so demonstratively, and, drawing our hard horsehair chairs in to the slippery mahogany centre-table, we proceeded to entertain ourselves by playing at a new game, which we recommend to all windbound and rain-bound sojourners in the health resorts of England next summer.

It consists in setting a-rolling those stones which in this perhaps wrongly so-called "Silly Season" gather the moss of the wit and wisdom of journalist letter-writers. In other words, we proposed to start imaginary topics for discussion by the numerous indignant, enthusiastic, sensible, silly, courteous, and discourteous correspondents whose delight it is to rush into print every August and September on the smallest provocation of a topic they can possibly have an opinion about.

I say "so-called Silly Season," for, of course, in a truly popular sense, what so many of us like and do can never be really silly. The late George Augustus Sala used to say that never were English newspapers so entertaining and instructive as during these two holiday months. So we made believe, in our rain and mud and mist-possessed Welsh paradise—we made believe very much. Our game required that one of us should be editor, with power to veto unsatisfactory topics as they were suggested by the would-be correspondents. The wise Christina was at once elected—self-elected—to this post.

"It has to be something *very* silly," said our clever brother Raymond. "None of your clever, fine-spun, wire-drawn, moral problems, Christina! Something that the great heart of the British public can take in at once and play with and have a ready-made opinion on."

"Do not, please," said Christina severely, "begin by snubbing your editor. It is not the fashion on respectable papers, let me tell you. And, as you correspondents don't seem to be over-prepared with topics, I will, without departing from my editorial capacity, suggest one to you: *Why is the Average Woman nicer than the Average Man?*"

"She isn't!" broke out a chorus of male voices.

"I knew you boys would all say that," said our new editor calmly. "Reverse the proposition, if you like! I beg your pardons, Sylvia and Cynthia. You two will, however, certainly agree with me that most men are hideous, shy, bad-mannered, awkward, and insignificant, while most women are more or less—generally more—agreeable, intelligent, sympathetic, and attractive in one way or another. Their moral natures are higher and their figures are certainly better."

"They take more trouble about improving both than we do," said George lazily.

"They have more time to do it in," said Raymond. "We are too busy earning our living to practise putting on frills. During the years we are learning to make a mere competence, a woman is thinking and scheming and planning and studying how to make herself attractive to our sex. She has all those years to the good."

"All right, dear Raymond; capital! Just the sort of reasoning to go down with the *Daily Dodderer*," said Christina. "Only do try to put it in better—and longer English. I think we may let this count for one controversy. It will raise a good deal of discussion. People will deny the premises. Is that the way to say it? Now, Sylvia, what do you suggest?"

"Oh," said Sylvia eagerly, "there is one thing that always puzzles me. It is this. *Which is the greedy sex? Which cares most for eating?* Women or men? It is always supposed to be men—but——"

"Feed the brute!" murmured a female voice unknown.

"That is a fallacy," said Raymond. "It is women who eat most at dinner-parties. I have noticed my neighbours."

"How very ungallant of you! And you may consider that you have bored the poor things," said his sister pertly. "I always eat right through the *menu* when I am bored. No woman who is being properly entertained at a dinner-party was ever known to have eyes—I mean, a mouth—for anything except perhaps *vol-au-vent* or *meringues*."

"Yes, I can always tell when Sylvia is flirting seriously, when I see her *entrées* going away untouched," retorted he; "yet love, they say, is a hungry passion, like grief."

"Sorrow is the most exhausting thing in the world. One is always frightfully hungry after a *nuît blanche*," I asserted; "and when I see people in trouble stiffly refusing to eat, I know that they are subjecting themselves to tortures for the sake of keeping up a standard of picturesqueness. Let us put this down for Topic No. 2."

"We must have something more general, and, if you think it possible, less clever," put in Gerald. "What do you say to, *Is bicycling a luxury or a necessity?*"

There was a shout of disapprobation from four enthusiastic devotees of the wheel. The subject was too sacred.

"Ought a pauper to propose to an heiress?" asked one of the boys. He is not quite a pauper—rather well off, in fact; but still, we began to cast about for the possible heiress of our acquaintance and his who should have prompted this question.

"Will the domestic servant have to go?" suggested the mother of us all.

"Oh, mother, in that discussion you can supply all the letters yourself!" we all cried. "No one knows so much of servants as you."

"Should servants call their mistresses '*Madam*,' or mistresses so address their servants?" the old lady went on. "Should mistresses wear caps when on duty? This topic to be sent to a halfpenny paper."

"Should girls under seventeen set their fathers right on politics, theology, geography, or the multiplication table, or allow them to remain in ignorance? This for a girl's magazine," said George.

We were interrupted by Scholastica, our *enfant terrible*, who had been sitting quietly ruminating for a long while, a sure sign that this remarkable child was going through some severe form of mental exercise from which the public would certainly benefit when the result of her meditations became known. She is guileless and incapable of concealing her thoughts.

"I want to know," she said—"and I shall start mine in *Little Folks*—if that about childhood being the happiest time of one's life is true, because I think it is rot. I have been a child for twelve years, and I don't think I care about it at all."

"My dear Scholastica, do you wish to imply that you have been ill-treated?" said her fond mother.

"Oh no, only it is nicer to do as you like, even if it isn't good for you. That is what grown-up people do. They overeat, if they are fond of eating, although they know they will be ill. They choose to be ill. They go out and catch cold, if they want to. They go to bed when they like, and not when people happen to get tired of having them about. They have the very nicest thing in the whole world; and that is, Their Own Way!"

With this "cry of the soul" the game ended, for at that very instant a glint of sunlight was visible through the mists on the grey and stony hillside opposite. The imprisoned party broke up and rushed forth, mostly bareheaded, and indifferent to the enormous rain-drops still pendent from eaves and branches. The game was abandoned, but it is being carried on vigorously by every paper that respects the tastes of its holiday readers.

A SONG.

Engirdled by your strength, my life were strong,
Labour were rest, and painful hours not long.

In your arms gathered, stilled were all my pain;—
My eager hands reach out to you in vain.

Impassioned thoughts 'neath unbetraying cheek
I curb and hide—for love were shame to speak.

My heart sings praise of you the whole day long—
But ah, my lord, you would but spurn my song!—E. GIBSON.

THE QUEEN'S WATERMEN.

The Queen's Watermen, who compose probably the most picturesque body of the royal servants, unfortunately are but little known to the general public. During the later years of her Majesty's reign river pageants have been very uncommon, and so the scarlet-and-gold-clad oarsmen, with their saucy black velvet caps, are probably the least familiar members of the Royal Household. The corps is ancient and honourable. As far back as Richard II.'s reign we find the Royal Bargemen a recognised and privileged class. Indulgences have always been granted to Bargemen. Even at the present day election to various posts is theirs by right, so that it is not surprising to find King Richard, in 1385, granting the following commission: "Know ye that for the good service of our beloved Walter Pesacock, one of our Bargemen, we grant to the same Walter for as much as in us lieth, the office of gatekeeper of the bridge of our City of London, in the manner that John Chese, deceased, had the office aforesaid." From the very earliest times the Royal Bargemen enjoyed the privilege of exemption from compulsory naval service.

In some ancient documents belonging to the reign of Henry VIII. we find an explicit account of the pay and upkeep of the Royal Bargemen. The corps was attired in royal livery and a badge, which were granted in addition to money payment. At that time the regular wages of the King's Watermen were ten shillings a quarter, but on every occasion when the crew was employed an additional fee was bestowed. Eightpence a day was the usual reward for special service, the Bargemaster receiving double that sum. Bluff King Hal kept his Bargemen very busy, as the entries in the privy purse accounts declare. In 1531 we read, "Paid to John, the King's Bargeman, for coming twice from Greenwich to York Place with a great boat with books for the King." Item upon item occurs in the same book of sums paid to Watermen for waiting with barge and boat. The royal oarsmen seem to have been

for ever busy moving household stuff and servants from Whitehall to Greenwich or to Richmond.

A quaint account, dated 1530, shows us some of the charges for hire, upkeep of boat, and clothing of the Royal Bargemen. It may not be uninteresting to give the extract in its original form—

Payd to 16 of the King's Watermen for wayting by the space of viii days v.li. viijs. viijd.
To the same Watermen for a mast and a lyne iijs. iiijd.
To Robert Abbott and John Taylor, the King's Watermen, for their cotys xliiij.

At the present day the Queen's Watermen have an easier time, so far as official duties are concerned. There is now no "wayting by the space of viii days," for the men are not often on duty, and still seldomer are they all on duty. At the recent Jubilee Garden-Party at Buckingham Palace, however, their picturesque figures were to the fore. There is now no royal barge in use. The ancient craft, which was long in the possession of Mr. Messenger, the Bargemaster, has found a resting-place in South Kensington Museum. There is a story which one of the most interesting of the royal ancient mariners will tell you, how, the last time the Queen went by water, her Majesty was unfortunately greatly startled by something very like a collision, and from that date forswore the river as a means of transit. The blame, of course, in no way attached to the crew of the royal vessel, for every man is a picked and tried oarsman.

One of the most interesting of the Queen's Watermen is the well-known W. H. Campbell, who keeps the boats in St. James's Park. The good old fellow is a Crimean veteran, having served in the Navy there and in the Baltic. He is full of enthusiasm for the corps of Bargemen and for the river generally. Rowing is a passion with him, for did he not win Doggett's Coat and Badge nearly half a century ago? His stories of land and water are as breezy as himself. His son, the swimmer, follows after the good way, being also a Royal Waterman, and nearly all the men in the crew have a big aquatic record.



MR. W. H. CAMPBELL.

Photo by the Star Portrait Company, Battersea, S.W.

Turk.

Watford.

East.

M ssun.

Blight.



Biffin.

Kemp.

G. T. Campbell.

Messenger.

Charles Wheeler.

Abnett.

THE QUEEN'S WATERMEN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HALL, REGENT STREET, S.W.

A DUBLIN DON.

College dons do not, as a rule, bulk large in popular estimation. They belong to a little world of their own, which is bounded by the College walls, or at least, does not extend far beyond the precincts of the University. In this little world their acts and words are chronicled, with more or less fidelity, and when they are gone, tradition keeps their memory green.

The life of a Dublin don differs from that of his fellows of Oxford and Cambridge in many things, but chiefly because he has a capital city for his province. Time was when he was a factor in the political life of his country, and the Provost of Trinity College was Right Honourable as a member of the Privy Council. But that was in pre-Union days. Now he depends for his importance on the prestige of his learning, and, an intellectual aristocrat, is the leader of Dublin society. In Dublin you will hear more good stories, and in a shorter time, than perhaps anywhere else, and many of the best of them come from the dons of Trinity College, and are told by such famous *raconteurs* as Dr. Haughton, Dr. Mahaffy, or Professor Tyrrell.

Dr. Mahaffy is probably the most familiar and best-known figure in Dublin, and the stories told of him are far more numerous than those told of the late Dr. Jowett, and nearly as many as those attributed to Dr. Mahaffy's wittier rival, the late Father Healy.

Dr. Mahaffy was born in Switzerland in 1839, where his father, the Rev. Nathaniel Mahaffy, was an English Chaplain. He was educated in Switzerland and Germany, and so laid the foundation for acquiring his extraordinary gift of languages. At the age of nineteen he won the Second Classical Scholarship of the year in Trinity College, and in the following year took a double First Class at his degree examination in Classics and Ethics and Logics.

In 1864 Dr. Mahaffy was elected a Fellow of his College, and in 1869 was appointed Professor of Ancient History in the University, the chair of which he still occupies. Those who have been fortunate enough to attend his lectures will not readily forget them. Here Dr. Mahaffy was almost, if not quite, at his best, and the delightful wit and cynical humour of his anecdotes pleasantly relieved the somewhat dull careers of Alexander's successors to a disintegrated Empire.

In College circles Dr. Mahaffy is known as "The General." How he acquired the title I do not know with certainty, but the story runs that one time he confided to a friend his belief that, "though Tyrrell might know more of Greek and Salmon of science, yet, as a general man, he could hold his own with any of them." Whatever be the truth or falsehood of the story, the title is not inappropriate, for it would be hard to find a subject upon which Dr. Mahaffy has not something to say. When one considers his College duties, one is amazed at his literary activity, as evinced not only by the number of books which he has published, but also by his many contributions to the Reviews and to magazine literature.

The best-known of his works are "Kant's Critical Philosophy for English Readers," "Greek Antiquities," "A History of Classical Greek Literature," "The Decay of Modern Preaching," and "Problems of Greek History." In 1887 he published "The Principles of the Art of Conversation," but, although he courteously acknowledged his obligations to a well-known lady of rank for her assistance, it cannot be said to justify the Professor's reputation. Only last year "The Empire of the Ptolemies" made its appearance, and, no doubt, before the present year is out we shall have another work from the same industrious pen.

Politically, Dr. Mahaffy is a fairly orthodox Unionist, but he also believes in the desirability of importing English Churchmen to Ireland to fill the Episcopal vacancies, and English schoolmasters to instruct the Irish youths, but in these schemes he has no supporters. He is also strongly opposed to the establishment of a Catholic University in Ireland.

It is not true that Dr. Mahaffy has a democratic contempt for titles of nobility. He is himself a Knight (Gold Cross) of the Order of the Saviour in Greece, which distinction was bestowed upon him by the present King in consideration of his services to Greek learning. His academic titles are many and honourable. He is an Honorary Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, and an Hon. D.C.L. of the same University. He is a D.D. and Hon. Mus.D. of Dublin, for he is a musician of considerable skill, being Precentor of the College Chapel.

Personally, Dr. Mahaffy is a big, powerfully built, loose-limbed man, with a slight stoop. He has a fair, rather florid face, with sandy whiskers. He dresses with scrupulous neatness, wearing a frock-coat and open waistcoat, displaying considerable white shirt and a white dress-tie.

I have spoken of Dr. Mahaffy's wit. Many of his *bons mots* have become public property, and one—his famous definition of an Irish bull—I have heard claimed as his own by a well-known literary man in London. One anecdote may give some idea of the Professor's humour. He was travelling in England, and in the same compartment with him was a melancholy gentleman dressed in black, who inquired of Dr. Mahaffy, was he saved? "Yes," was the reply, "but it was a very narrow squeak, and I don't like talking much about it."

COMMON OBJECTS OF THE STRAND.

IV.—THE MAN IN THE TENT.

One or two men in tents may be found in the Strand at almost any hour of the day. Should you have any difficulty in finding one, the following is a simple method. Take up one or two paving-stones and dig down until you come to the wires. Then stand aside in a doorway, and presently you will see the man with the tent come along. The tent is of reddish-brown canvas, stretched on a framework, open on one side, and just large enough to hold the one man. This tent and a hole in the pavement are always found in close conjunction, and there can be little doubt that the hole attracts the tent. That the tent attracts the hole is a theory that cannot be supported by observation, for no one has yet found a hole moving towards a tent.

Stand patiently outside a tent, and sooner or later you will see the man emerge. He looks callous and practical, and smells of gas. Only the most callous could support the public notice that the occupant of the tent, though common in the Strand, always receives from the passing crowd. His small, intelligent eyes fix themselves on the wires in the hole, and he begins to play with them. Presently he will produce a square mahogany box, with registers and other scientific luxuries upon it. He watches this with an almost greedy interest. There is lettering on the box, and the crowd around tries to see what it is. It is only the maker's name, but the crowd is just as anxious to read it as if it were something improper. The tent-man keeps on moving his box round, so as to annoy, baffle, and irritate the crowd. Then he darts back into his tent to enjoy the fun all by himself.

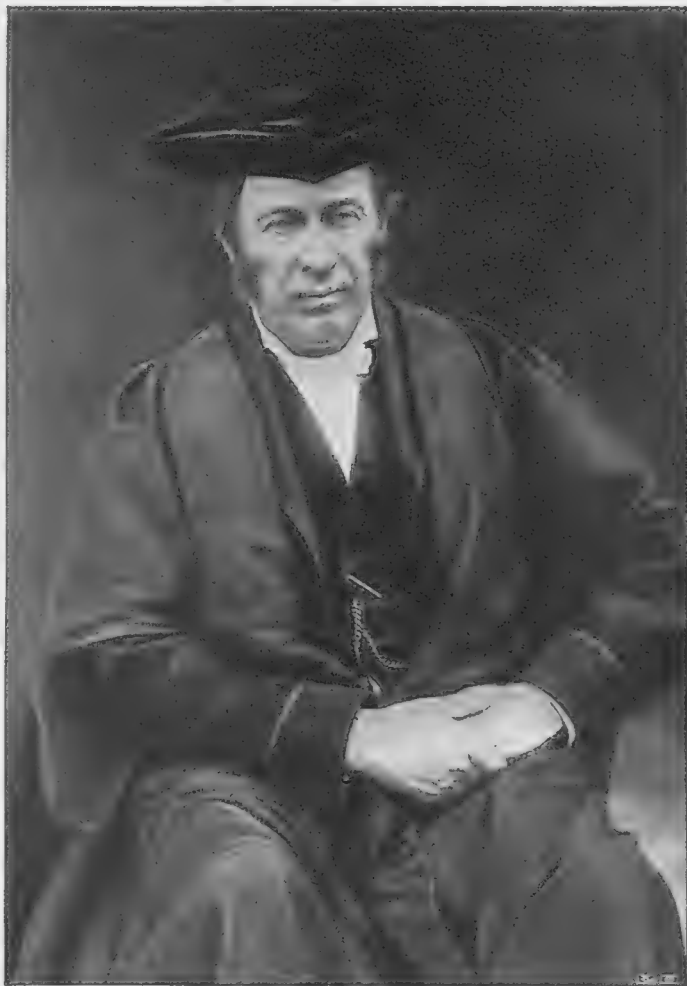
If you have waited some time, and the man refuses to come out, it does not mean that he is sulking, or even that he is dead. Probably, he is only having his dinner. Hit the tent two or three times sharply

with your walking-stick, and he will emerge with his mouth full, and say something or other to you. But he will not play with the wires or with the little mahogany box in his dinner-hour.

He is not popular with the foot-passengers, for, though he serves as an innocent amusement when they are standing still, he gets in the way when they are moving on in a hurry. Certainly, as a well-known Irish poet has observed, if everybody were to take a tent and pitch it in the Strand, there would not be room for the rest to get past. But in the nature of things he cannot care for popularity; if he did, he would get a much bigger tent, and have a few people to tea from time to time. He prefers to live like a hermit in his tiny cell, just big enough to hold himself, the scientific instrument, and the smell of gas, only emerging to go through his mystic rites with the wires in the hole.

He does not remain for long in one place. He silently steals away, and would also fold his tent like the Arabs if his tent were built on similar lines. All the day long, and for a good part of the night, he has had a unique opportunity of observing the little defects of humanity. He has seen fools, three thick, standing round a hole, utterly absorbed in their interest in things which do not in the least concern them. He has seen how wanting in common politeness little boys in the street can be. The satire of the 'bus-driver has fallen upon him, and he has witnessed the silent reproach in the faces of the beautiful ladies who have walked into the tent or tumbled down the hole inadvertently. When the small hours come, and he has learnt the worst of humanity, he goes down a side-street and drowns himself in the Thames.

BARRY PAIN.



PROFESSOR MAHAFFY.

Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

A NEGLECTED GENIUS: HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Writing from Newstead Abbey on Aug. 27, 1811, Lord Byron said to one of his correspondents (Mr. Dallas)—

You may say what you please, but you are one of the murderers of Blackett, and yet you won't allow Harry White's genius. Setting aside his bigotry, he surely ranks next to Chatterton. It is astonishing how little he was known, and at Cambridge no one thought or heard of such a man till his death rendered all notice useless.

For my own part I should have been most proud of such an acquaintance; his very prejudices were respectable.



HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

From the Portrait by J. Hoppner, R.A. Reproduced by permission of the Committee of the Nottingham Museum and Art Gallery.

Henry Kirke White and Philip James Bailey are the only two poets of eminence that Nottinghamshire has produced; for Byron was not a Nottinghamshire poet, although he is sometimes claimed as such in the county. And Nottingham seems to have determined, in respect to these sweet singers, that the old saying as to a prophet having no honour in his own country should be carefully exemplified. For nothing is more striking to the inquisitive visitor than the apathy and ignorance displayed by the average Nottingham native when

the name of Kirke White or Bailey is mentioned. There is a Kirke White Street, but why there should be such a street is a thought that has never penetrated the brain of one in a thousand of Nottingham's sons; it is a conundrum that as many would have to leave unsolved. Still, the town has not been utterly forgetful of Kirke White's memory; the quaint little house in which he was born more than a century ago bears on the outside a crude oil-painting of the poet, and an announcement of his birth there; while the dingy little public-house which now occupies the back part of the basement rejoices in the name of "The Kirke White." It seems sacrilegious to couple the name of one so pure in mind and body as Henry Kirke White with a drink-shop; but Nottingham has only one way of recognising greatness—the dedication of a public-house!

His native town is, perhaps, not alone in having neglected his poetry; for Kirke White is, if the truth must be told, even little known in literary quarters where one might have expected to find an acquaintance with his works. Nor is this altogether surprising, since his poetry was rather an evidence of what his genius might have attained had his life been spared than a priceless contribution to English literature. Still, in the brief years that were his own he produced much that deserves to endure, and will endure so long as the taste for poesy and lofty thought remains a characteristic of English letters; and the story of his life is surely one of the most interesting in the annals of our literature.

Henry Kirke White was the second son of John and Mary White, and was born on March 21, 1785, at the little house in Exchange Alley, Nottingham, where his father carried on the business of a butcher. John White seems to have been a very ordinary individual, and to his mother, a woman of some education and refinement, Henry probably owed any early encouragement he received in his studies. But such encouragement was scarcely necessary, for he was evidently born with a taste for learning and an insatiable thirst for knowledge. At seven years of age he was so enthusiastic a scholar that he used to "creep unperceived," as Southey puts it, into the kitchen to teach the servant to read and write. That his mother hoped much from him is seen in the fact that at six years of age he was placed under the control of the ablest teacher in Nottingham, learning from him writing, arithmetic, and French. But his father wished to breed him up to his own business, and for some years the lad actually assisted as errand-boy in his parent's shop. While carrying the butcher's basket round the fashionable quarters of Nottingham his thoughts were ever with the Muses. Surely poetry has seldom been cultivated under less promising circumstances. Yet, when only thirteen years old, he produced a poem, "On being Confined to School one pleasant Morning in Spring," which, considering his age, may be said to show early marks of poetic power—

The morning sun's enchanting rays
Now call forth every songster's praise;
Now the lark with upward flight
Gayly ushers in the light;
While, wildly warbling from each tree,
The birds sing songs to Liberty.

But for me no songster sings,
For me no joyous lark upsprings;
For I, confin'd in gloomy school,
Must own the pedant's iron rule.

When he had reached his fourteenth year, Henry was placed at a stocking-loom—a more poetical calling than his father's perhaps, but still an occupation from which his spirit revolted. A year of this convinced his parents that their only hope was to introduce him to some nobler pursuit, so that he entered an attorney's office on terms which avoided the payment of a premium, his father not being in a position to supply the money necessary for that. He diligently applied himself to the law, taking for his motto "Aut Caesar, aut nullus"; but his studies ranged far afield, and he gave himself up so completely to the pursuit of knowledge that in time he became quite estranged from his family. Indeed, if one may say it with reverence for the quenchless spirit of the lad, his taste for learning was positively unhealthy. "He had a little room given him, which he called his study, and here his milk supper was taken up to him; for, to avoid any loss of time, he refused to sup with his family." Such close application made him a remarkable scholar for his age, as will be seen from Southey's description of his attainments when he was about fifteen years old—

The law was his first pursuit, to which his papers show he had applied himself with such industry as to make it wonderful that he could have found time, busied as his days were, for anything else. Greek and Latin were the next objects; at the same time he made himself a tolerable Italian scholar, and acquired some knowledge both of the Spanish and Portuguese. His medical friends say that the knowledge he had obtained of chemistry was very respectable. Astronomy and electricity were among his studies; some attention he paid to drawing, in which it is probable he would have excelled. He was passionately fond of music, and could play very pleasingly by ear on the piano-forte, composing the bass to the air he was playing; but this propensity he checked, lest it might interfere with more important objects. He had a turn for mechanics, and all the fittings-up of his study were the work of his own hands.

The attractions of the law did not last, and, his thoughts taking a strong devotional turn, he began to entertain the idea of entering the Church. But the means to take him through the University were lacking, and so at the close of 1802 he set about the preparation of a little volume of his poems, several of which had appeared in the *Monthly Mirror*, his object being to raise in this way the money required for college fees. "Clifton Grove, and Other Poems," as the little book was called, was sent out the following year, with a frank explanation of the circumstances in which it was offered to the public; but one of the first notices which it elicited was a somewhat brutal article in the *Monthly Review*, and this wounded Henry greatly, as it bespoke a kindly reception for the volume on account of the author's appeal rather than because of any merit the poems possessed. Yet the unfavourable review was not altogether unfortunate, as it led to Southey's taking an interest in the young poet, and brought him friends who might not otherwise have been found.

His verses written about this time were always tinged with melancholy, as in his "Ode on Disappointment"—

Come, Disappointment, come!
Not in thy terrors clad;
Come in thy meekest, saddest guise;
Thy chastening rod but terrifies
The restless and the bad.
But I recline
Beneath thy shrine,
And round my brow resign'd thy peaceful cypress twine.

What is this passing scene?
A peevish April day!
A little sun—a little rain,
And then night sweeps along the plain,
And all things fade away.
Man (soon discuss'd)
Yields up his trust,
And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust.



WHITE'S BIRTHPLACE, EXCHANGE ALLEY, NOTTINGHAM.

Photo by Baker, Nottingham.

By the assistance of friends whom his poetry had brought to him, he was eventually able to leave his post in the attorney's office, and, placing himself under a Rev. Mr. Grainger, of Winterringham, Lincolnshire, for a year, he prepared for Cambridge. Against the entreaties of friends, he was still relentlessly devoting every possible moment to study, fourteen

hours a-day being a frequent average, and under this strain his health was fast becoming impaired. In his first term at Cambridge he entered for a University scholarship, and spent so much time in studying for the examination that his health broke down and he could not compete; nor was this the worst, for in his striving after the scholarship he had not prepared for the general College examination a fortnight later, and it was a terrible task to get ready for that in the few days remaining. He came out the first man of his year, but really paid for the honour with his life. Twice he distinguished himself the following year, but the disease—consumption—which he had assiduously cultivated by his over-studious habits, carried him away on Oct. 19, 1806. He was buried at Cambridge.

This is the brief life-story of Henry Kirke White. His literary remains, edited with a loving hand by Robert Southey, show that in him English literature lost one who might have taken a place with our greatest poets had his life been spared. Though often surcharged with gloom, his poetry is always essentially healthy and Christian in spirit, resembling, like his life in some respects, that of Michael Bruce, the bard of Loch Leven. The authors of the "Ode to the Cuckoo" and

Around, what sounds, what magic sounds arise,
What glimm'ring scenes salute my ravish'd eyes:
Soft sleep the waters on their pebbly bed,
The woods wave gently o'er my drooping head,
And, swelling slow, comes wafted on the wind,
Lorn Progne's note from distant copse behind.

In Wilford Church, on the south wall of the chancel, an excellent portrait of Kirke White, in the shape of a marble medallion, may be seen, and one of the stained-glass windows, bearing the inscription, "In Memoriam, H. K. W.," was the outcome of a public subscription. In the churchyard he often rested at eventide, and on one occasion there he wrote some sad, sweet lines, "On Recovery from Sickness," beginning—

Here would I wish to sleep. This is the spot
Which I have long mark'd out to lay my bones in;
Tir'd out and wearied with the riotous world,
Beneath this yew I would be sepulchred.

Byron, as a lad, lived in Nottingham from time to time, when young Kirke White was discharging the menial task of butcher's boy, and it is



CLIFTON GROVE.

REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE ELECTRIC PHOTO-PRINTING COMPANY, NOTTINGHAM.

"Clifton Grove" had both an intense love of nature, coupled with an absorbing passion for books, the latter in both cases cutting short their days, and the former making their poetry a precious possession. "Clifton Grove" will always remain Kirke White's best-known production, though it is not his longest nor his most ambitious work. The Grove is a delightful stretch of woodland by the side of the Trent, a few miles from Nottingham. It was a favourite resort of the young poet, and when staying at the village of Wilford, about a mile from the Grove, he used to seek its shades of an evening, there to ruminate on the beauties of nature and the mysteries of life. He writes—

How oft, when childhood threw its golden ray
Of gay romance o'er every happy day,
Here would I run, a visionary boy,
When the hoarse tempest shook the vaulted sky,
And, fancy-led, beheld the Almighty's form
Sternly carcering on the eddying storm;
And heard, while awe congealed my inmost soul,
His voice terrific in the thunders roll.

Above, below, where'er I turn my eyes,
Rocks, waters, woods, in grand succession rise.
High up the cliff the varied groves ascend,
And mournful larches o'er the wave impend.

not unlikely that the author of "Clifton Grove" may on occasion have delivered an order to Mrs. Byron, who resided but a few minutes' walk from the butcher's shop in Exchange Alley, which to this day, save for the portion of it used as a drinking-saloon, is still a butcher's shop. It is evident from his several references to Kirke White that Byron was greatly impressed with his genius, and of the many tributary verses which the young poet's death called forth, Lord Byron's lines in "English Bards" are—need it be said?—the most worthy of quotation—

Unhappy White! while life was in its spring,
And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,
The spoiler came; and all thy promise fair
Has sought the grave, to sleep for ever there

'Twas thine own Genius gave the final blow,
And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low:
So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quivered in his heart:
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nurs'd the pinion which impell'd the steel,
While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.

J. A. HAMMERTON.

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MR. BARRIE'S BABBIE ON THE STAGE.

THE CHINESE STAGE IN AMERICA.

Miss Maude Adams, who has just scored another "hit" in New York as Babbie in "The Little Minister," has occupied a leading place among American actresses since Oct. 3, 1892, when she made her surprise success at Palmer's Theatre, New York. That was not her first appearance by any means. At nine months old she figured on the stage. The reason of this early appearance was as follows. Miss Adams's mother

"The Cat and the Cherub," which has been produced at Olympia, New York, treats of the Chinaman and Chinese life in America seriously. Heretofore the Chinese have been portrayed as a sort of semi-burlesque type on the stage. They were all patterned after the chattering, ape-like creatures such as the tea-house keeper in "The Geisha" and the Kelly and Ashby music-hall laundry-men. In "The Cat and the Cherub"



MISS MAUDE ADAMS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KNEBLER, PHILADELPHIA.

was an actress, and one night went to fulfil her engagement, leaving the baby ill with its first tooth. The young lady, like Rachel, would not be comforted, and had finally to be taken to her mother. A baby happening to be required for the scene, Miss Maude was carried on, thus appearing because of indisposition, which, by-the-by, is the usual reason with actresses for not appearing. At four years old Maude Adams began to play children's parts in the West, remaining on the stage till she was nine. From nine to fourteen school claimed her, and then her life-work began in earnest. She made her great hit in "The Masked Ball." Her new character of Babbie is to be played here by Miss Winifred Emery.

the Chinaman is portrayed as a human being, with the love and hatred of the Caucasian. The first play of this sort, "The First-Born," written by Francis Powers, had a run of some months in San Francisco. It created almost a sensation. A funny story is told of a Chinese actor who, going to America some years ago, got the part of the Chinaman in "The Danites," which the author had pictured as a "washee-washee" pigtail of fiction. He insisted that no Chinaman would talk like that. He was well received in California, but not in the East. The actor had portrayed the "real thing," and the Easterners, not knowing Chinese character at that time, would not have it.

THE "LITTLE GREY ARAB."

Considering what a martial and horse-loving nation we are, it is to be regretted that chroniclers have not paid more attention to the chargers bestridden by some of our greatest soldiers. Historians, indeed, have virtually ignored them altogether, and such facts as it is possible to obtain are only to be gleaned from a careful perusal of the lives and

we are told, a head like a bull's, and must have been rather a handful in an age when there were no "Pelhams" and "Martingales."

Coming to more modern times, we hear a good deal more about the horses ridden by famous foreign generals than of the mounts of our own great commanders. Of the war-horses of Marlborough—perhaps the greatest military genius England has ever possessed—scarcely any records are to be found. But of Napoleon's chargers many stories are told. Who has not heard of Marengo, the white horse on which



FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

biographies of the various riders. In some cases, indeed, it is almost an impossibility to find any records whatever bearing upon the subject. Of the horses ridden by the more or less apocryphal heroes whose deeds have been sung by the great classic authors, we are occasionally given some rather graphic descriptions. Thus the student will call to mind Plutarch's careful and detailed description of Bucephalus, Alexander the Great's renowned steed. Bucephalus appears to have been a peculiar-tempered beast, and unrideable by any but his royal master. He had

le petit caporal rode so often into action, and whose skeleton is to be seen preserved in the museum of the Royal United Service Institution? Marengo had a long and varied experience, as appears from the legend inscribed upon the lid of the snuff-box made out of one of his hoofs, which was presented by Colonel Angerstein to his brother officers of the Brigade of Guards. His active career dates from Marengo right up to Waterloo, where he was wounded in the hip. There were also several others of Napoleon's war-horses whose names have been handed down to

fame, to wit, Styrie or Syrie (an Arab), Austerlitz, Marie, Ali, and Jaffa, buried under a sandstone pillar at Glassenbury, near Cranbrook, in Kent. Rienzi, Phil Sheridan's horse, is well remembered in America, and his memory cherished in consequence of his having carried that dashing soldier after the disaster at Cedar Creek. Traveller was another horse which did good service in the same campaign, his rider, General Robert E. Lee, being enthusiastic about the qualities of his grand mount. This brief mention of a few of the famous chargers of bygone days may be fitly concluded by referring to what most Englishmen would regard as the most famous of all war-horses, the Duke of Wellington's Copenhagen. The Iron Duke, according to a good authority, paid eloquent tribute to the noble beast which carried him so long and so well. He had been asked whether, apart from the fact that he had been associated with the Duke's victory on the "Glorious Eighteenth of June," there was anything remarkable about the horse. His reply was, "Many faster, no doubt; many handsomer; but for bottom and endurance I never saw his fellow."

But enough of the historical. Shortly after the Jubilee, the writer asked a Colonial what he thought of the gorgeous Procession. His reply was brief and to the point. "The Procession? I think it may be summed up in a nutshell—the Queen and Lord Roberts." In that there was doubtless some exaggeration, but there is no question that, after her Majesty, Lord Roberts, mounted upon his beautifully diminutive Arab Volonel, made the greatest appeal to the popular fancy. Both man and his horse were familiar to military eyes, but the general public do not often get a chance of seeing "Bobs," and the sight of the sturdy and, in spite of his years, still elastic, lithe figure, seated upon a charger which seemed positively made for him, naturally aroused all their latent hero-worship to fever pitch. The late Valentine Baker used to be known as "the Man on the Old White Horse"; probably it will be as "the Man on the Little Grey Arab" that Lord Roberts will be enshrined in the hearts of many of our country and Colonial cousins—aye, and of



LORD ROBERTS AND HIS FAMOUS GREY ARAB.

Photographs by Chancellor, Dublin.



Londoners as well. Volonel, like his master, is a veteran. Lord Roberts bought him in March 1877, from Abdul Rahman, an Arab horse-dealer in Bombay. Volonel is of pure Nejdi breed, and certainly he is a striking example of the longevity and powers of enduring the ups and downs of life ascribed to the pure Arab. He went through the Afghan campaign with his master. Out of that campaign Lord Roberts came with undying fame, but Volonel was also rewarded for his distinguished service, receiving the medal for the campaign and the Kandahar Star, which he may be seen wearing in the photograph. Both decorations were, I believe, specially struck by order of her Majesty. Certainly the stout-hearted little animal had earned these badges of honour, for who knows, if he had faltered or gone wrong at some critical moment, that the whole course of the campaign might not have been altered? Volonel most assuredly seems to be made of wondrous stuff even for an Arab, for, after having travelled with Lord Roberts some fifty thousand miles, and endured all the vicissitudes incidental to warfare in a savage country, this is what his lordship says of him: "He has never been sick or sorry . . . he is now about twenty-five years of age, and as fit as ever." Both rider and horse looked little the worse for wear at the great Jubilee Review at Aldershot. Both of them looked as "fit as ever." May they long remain so!

A T R A N D O M

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Mr. George Gissing, as I learn from the papers, has gone to Italy, and at this moment, I hope, is adjusting his perspective of life to the glamour of a Venetian afternoon. I wonder now, if that law of environment, which makes such dismal Chinese puzzles for some of us, had always steeped his temperament in the atmosphere of lagoons and Italian art—I wonder whether it would have made a poet of him, or another Gabriel d'Annunzio who, to a modern pessimism, adds a note of mediæval savagery. I wonder what would have happened to English romance in the last quarter of a century if the passionate soul of Ouida had taken all its colour and stimulus from Brixton. Perhaps Mr. Gissing intended to give another turn to this speculation by the cheerful little parable he has left behind him in the *English Illustrated Magazine*. A draper's assistant, unfortunate in business, takes to drink—not the ordinary tippie, but the alcohol of print. His favourite tap-room is a free library, where he muddles his brains with the illustrated journals and the *Nineteenth Century*. "The scent of newspapers, mingled with the odour of filthy garments and unwashed humanity, put him beside himself with joy." He is indignant to find a labourer asleep over Mr. James Knowles's excellent periodical. "All right, guv'nor," says the drowsy student, who is half-seas over with literature and science. So the draper's assistant sits down to his debauch, and plunges into an article on hypnotism, just as another sort of toper clutches the brandy-bottle.

This is an agreeable picture of an institution which is designed to foster popular education, and, when Islington is next invited to adopt the Free Libraries Act, I daresay the opponents of that statute will cite Mr. Gissing's authority in hand-bills. Some pictorial satirist may even turn it to account by lifelike sketches, representing the working-man on one side, with all his wits about him, and a tankard at his elbow, holding a worshipful company, including an intelligent potboy, entranced by his eloquence, and on the other side an unconscious figure at a table, surrounded by books, with his addled head sunk in slumber on the *Nineteenth Century*. What could be better calculated to bring home to the vigilant ratepayer the depravity of reading at the public expense? Think of the genial wisdom which is diffused by beer, and then of the creeping paralysis begotten of books! Away in his Venetian gondola Mr. Gissing has probably forgotten the draper's assistant who steals to the free library when his wife fondly supposes that he is "dressing" shop-windows, or pressing wholesome cotton goods on frugal customers. I should not be surprised to hear from the author of this momentous story that he has given up fiction, and is collecting materials for a new history of the Doges, which the draper's assistant will use some day as an impromptu pillow, if he is not lodged before that in a home for inebriates!

It is curious how one's tastes may be affected by a sudden change of scene. I have lately paid a visit to a literary friend who has bought a charming little estate in the country. Here, with a mind abstracted from literature and high politics, he ploughs his fields like Cincinnatus; delights in a table groaning with the fruits of the earth, his earth; impresses on me with great earnestness the necessity of pulling down an old barn, and, leading me into the depths of a delightful copse, declares that by night I might be as easily lost there as an amateur wanderer in the forest primeval. Scorning the pen, he turns his hand to carpentry, and thinks more of the house he has fashioned for his cockerels than of the new book he projected in town. When digging up, with strenuous toil, a large and obstinate carrot, he receives with compassion my suggestion that such a vegetable molar would be more humanely extracted with the aid of gas. His fences, newly anointed with pitch, and pleasantly adhesive in the sun, are more to him than the Greek frontier, and, in the intervals of manual labour, he teaches a new dog to show reverence and obedience to his small son, who surveys the obsequious black setter with the regal air of sublime infancy. One day Cincinnatus junior will cast a more definite gaze over these lovely English hills, glowing with subdued ardour under the autumn sun; with a descendant of the black setter at his heels, he will march sturdily down the leafy lane which is lighted at night by an obliging glow-worm; and he will rejoice in the versatility of his accomplished father and mother, who were known to the world by very different achievements from the rearing of pheasants and the planting of kitchen-gardens.

Here you tread on classic ground. Within a mile is Chawton Park, where Jane Austen lived and wrote her delicate studies of the county

families. I saw Elizabeth Bennett looking very demure on a bicycle, and close behind her rode the Rev. William Collins, that exquisite burlesque of manhood which flowers in the English rural clergy. As Mr. Collins pedals softly after the fair Elizabeth, I marvel at the eccentricity of Nature which gives a dim semblance of a man to a gentle theological bias. If Jane Austen were alive now, she would delight in another clerical aberration, a tall, apple-cheeked youth in a frock, bareheaded, like a Christ's Hospital boy, and contracting his brows as if to indicate to a flippant world the purpose of a great mission. He belongs to some religious order; but he ought to be wearing a shooting-suit and pursuing partridges with the sportsmen of the county. I want to say to him, "My young friend, this costume is a poor disguise. You were intended for gaiters and the companionship of dogs. There is a friend of mine up the hill yonder with a white bull-terrier who has the playful habit of leaping at the stranger like a charge of cavalry. Go and take a turn with him; it will expand your chest, and make you long for masculine raiment!"

Three miles away is Selborne, White's Selborne, where, in a corner of the little churchyard, you will find a modest tombstone inscribed "G. W." In the church a tablet sets forth that Gilbert White was the "historian of this parish," and the slab which covers the grave of his grandfather, Gilbertus White, in the chancel, is decorated with staid little finches. Possibly the graven images of these devout birds turned Gilbert White's mind to the natural history with which he has immortalised this village. To what sort of literature ought all these associations to incline the mind of a visitor? What would the draper's assistant read if the doors of a village library were opened to him between Selborne and Chawton? I think of him with compassionate interest, because I felt a sudden yearning for a writer who is certainly not one of the immortals. The nocturnal habits of town life made it impossible to sleep as soon as the country was wrapped in repose; so in the small hours I read Harrison Ainsworth's "Old St. Paul's." It had just the hypnotic effect on me that the draper's assistant found in the *Nineteenth Century*. In the scene where the desperate gambler stakes his wife at dice, I had a faint sense of comparative criticism, for was not this a rude anticipation of a striking incident in one of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's romantic plays? Moreover, the still small voice of the reviewer's conscience told me that nobody ought to tolerate Ainsworth's story of the Great Plague after Defoe's. Still, I yielded to the seductive charms of the fair Amabel, "languid as a Circassian, passionate as an Andalusian," whose father sold figs in the City, and I rejoiced in the luck of the grocer's apprentice who was made a peer by Charles II., with the title of Lord Argentine, prophetic of the demonetised noblemen who adorn the modern company prospectus.

When I slept, it was to dream that Solomon Eagle, the fanatic who haunted St. Paul's in a sheepskin, with a brazier of coals on his head, was addressing the Church Congress. "Blow an alarm in Zion!" he cried. "Let us have the ministry of denunciation, not the ministry of tea and muffins!" At that moment he bore a striking resemblance to Dr. Parker, and I have since been surprised to find that eminent divine uttering these very words to an interviewer. "God uses the thunder as well as the dew," says Dr. Parker; and if the draper's assistant could be weaned from the free library to the City Temple, he might find the thunder as intoxicating as the smell of print. I don't know that his delirium is more singular than that of the archdeacon who told the Church Congress that theology is an exact science, with immutable laws, like gravitation. Suppose Mr. Gissing, before he went to Italy, had drawn an archdeacon with his head buried in a theological library, and his wits fogged by the notion that ecclesiastical dogma is as certain as the axioms of physical science! Would this have stirred in the mind of any ratepayer a suspicion that there is something wrong with our system of education?

When Dr. Johnson was in Scotland he was entertained by Mackinnon of Corry. "Sir, how do you like this soup?" said Mrs. Mackinnon at dinner one day. "Madam, it is fit for pigs," said Johnson. "Will you allow me, sir, to give you another plateful?" she retorted. This anecdote is told in the *Lady's Realm* by the great-great-granddaughter of the heroine. I admire the spirit of the reminiscence; but why does the lady whose ancestress overcrewed Johnson in his own vein resent James Hogg's song, "Flora Macdonald's Lament"? She is a descendant of Flora, and she objects to the verse which represents the heroic friend of Prince Charlie as "weeping alane at the thought of the lad she will ne'er see again." Flora was not in love with the Prince; but why it should annoy her posterity to say that she wept for him is one of the mysteries of family pride.



MR. FREDERICK HARRISON AS THE COMTE. DE CANDALE IN "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE,"
AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARREAU'S, LIMITED, OXFORD STREET, W.

THE CHÂTEAU D'EU.

The Orléans family has lately been so much before the eyes of the world that it seems not uninteresting to say a few words concerning one of its most important properties in France, perhaps, indeed, its most important. There is a melancholy splendour about the Château D'Eu and its superb park and dependencies. Whether an idea of keeping before the public the family name and claims underlies the matter or not, it is impossible to say, but one has to deal with the fact that the Château, a historical building of great interest, is closed, and the park can only be visited at stated intervals. Moreover, it is generally understood that the family is unwilling to make any business arrangements connected with the property. The ancient city of Eu sits mournfully gazing at the Château and splendid park, sadly thinking of days past when it was prosperous, and even, in some respects, fashionable, for it was one of the favourite residences of Louis Philippe. It was, indeed, in the Château that he received our Queen as his guest on her first visit to France. Curiously enough, her Majesty came by way of Tréport, instead of choosing the fine harbour of Dieppe; but, of course, the explanation is the fact that she came over in one of the royal yachts, concerning the cost of which would-be reformers are eloquent. Nowadays one might well fancy

stately building is almost empty. The pictures and furniture of the famous Mdle. de Montpensier, who bought the property in 1660 for a trifle of 2,550,000 livres, have been removed, and those who succeed in obtaining permission to visit the interior will find that the chief interest is in the historical associations of what has been the home of the Counts of Eu from William, the first Count, who died in 1022, until the day when the owner was compelled to live out of his land. Some idea of the magnificence of the building may be gleaned from the fact that it contains 60 principal apartments, while for the suite there are 250 rooms. The stabling can take 130 horses and 60 carriages.

The style, broadly speaking, is the French Renaissance, which owes so much to the architect whose name is immortalised by the Mansard roof. The photograph, which gives a good idea of the chief façade, shows how typically French is the building. Throughout the country may be found châteaux, great and small, carrying out the same ideas in a fashion that sometimes becomes ridiculous. The two lions, one surmounting each pillar at the main entrance, have a great local reputation, though we in this country, accustomed to the majesty of our Trafalgar Square creatures, can hardly appreciate them, or, indeed, any of the numerous monumental lions that may be met with by the wanderer in the beautiful republic across Channel.

It may be mentioned that Eu has played a very important part in



THE CHÂTEAU D'EU.

that she would journey by the Newhaven and Dieppe route, since there is an easy railway journey through remarkably beautiful country from Dieppe to Eu.

Indeed, but for the splendour of travelling in one's own yacht, her Majesty might even trust herself to one of the superb fleet of ships which have rendered a passage that, when I was a boy, seemed terrible, now a mere bagatelle, and barely more than three hours over water that is generally smoother than the sea on the somewhat shorter Calais-Dover line.

One of the reasons why the country between Dieppe and Eu is so beautiful is that glimpses are caught of the famous Forest of Eu. This forest has an area of some eight thousand hectares, which is equivalent to about twenty thousand acres. Fortunately, it may be visited, and it need hardly be said that a forest on so large a scale, in a country where private rights are so strictly respected as France, not only is delightful for the excursionist, but also most interesting to the student of natural history. The chief object of interest in Eu is the Château. The present building was begun in the year 1578 by Henri de Guise, *le Balafre*, on the foundation of a fortress built or rebuilt by Charlemagne. However, in 1821 the Duc d'Orléans remodelled it, possibly not thinking at the time that in the future, as Louis Philippe, he would make it one of his royal homes. Subsequently, the Comte de Paris did valuable work in the way of restoration. Now, alas! the

English history. For it was to this city that in the year 1053 Count Baldwin brought his daughter, Matilda, to meet her bridegroom, William the Conqueror, and celebrate the marriage that had been forbidden by Pope Leo IX., a marriage ratified six years later, on conditions, one of which led to the building of the superb Abbaye aux Hommes, the Abbaye aux Dames, and to the churches of Saint Etienne and Sainte Trinité, that embellish the handsome city of Caen, of which Beau Brummel once was Consul, the city, too, that gave birth to Charlotte Corday. How long William and his bride stayed at Eu I cannot tell, but it was to this city that Guy, Duc de Ponthieu, brought his prisoner, Harold of England, whom he had captured in Picardy. The episode of the famous oath, which had a great effect in the prodigious scheme of the Conquest, did not occur at Eu.

The old city has other objects of interest than the Château and the beautiful park, in which, in the year 1843, the artists of the Opéra Comique had the privilege of playing before an audience which included her Majesty, King Louis Philippe, Queen Amélie, the King and Queen of Belgium, the Queen of Spain, the Prince of Salerno, and the Princes and Princesses of Orléans. The Church of St. Laurent is one of the finest of Normandy, belonging to the style that the French call "Ogival Primitif." Of course, it has suffered considerably at the hands of time and the restorer, particularly under Louis Philippe, but it still remains well worthy of a visit.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



PHILISTINE (to ARTIST): Now, do you honestly mean to say you consider this a beautiful spot?



FIRST FREE KIRK ELDER : What for this unseemly levity on the Sawbath, MacTavish ?

SECOND FREE KIRK ELDER : Well, to tell the truth, I am seriously thinkin' o' jinin' the Auld Kirk, and I find it agrees wi' me fine. I can take an extrey glass o' toddy on the strength o' it, and I'm seriously thinkin' o' introducin' an occasional *Dawn* into conversation.



THINGS I HAVE NOT SEEN: THE MAELSTRÖM.



"Charlie doesn't seem quite himself to-night."
"He isn't—he's sober!"

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THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

Though Miss Lettice Fairfax, the very pretty Irene in "One Summer's Day," at the Comedy Theatre, is now under twenty, she has had five years of useful and successful theatrical work. She is a native of Willesden, and when she was only fourteen it became necessary that she should try to earn her own living. She took to the stage. Her



MISS LETTICE FAIRFAX.
Photo by Bacon, Newcastle-on-Tyne

services were at once secured by Mr. George Edwardes, and her first part was that of Haidee in "Don Juan," at the Gaiety Theatre, after which she went on tour and did Miss Topsy Sinden's dance in the same play, subsequently playing Gladys Stourton in "The Gaiety Girl," then Amy Cripps in "An Artist's Model." She has also been one of the most charming of Cinderellas at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, after which she came south again to create the part of Georgina (one she enjoyed immensely) in "Josiah's Dream," at the Strand, before crossing the road to be Amy Spettigue in "Charley's Aunt." Then she went West and joined Mr. Charles Hawtrey's forces, and was the Betty Churrip in "A Phenomenon in a Smock-frock." Though she loves comedy and sympathetic parts best, she is equally good at dancing and singing, studying the latter accomplishment constantly under the care of Mr. William Holland.

I note that Miss Davies Webster, the accomplished daughter of that fine poetess Mrs. Augusta Webster, has been understudying the part of the Queen in the Lyceum "Hamlet." From what I have seen of Miss Webster's work in other Shaksperian plays, I should think that she could perform Gertrude uncommonly well. The mention of "Hamlet" reminds me that the first Ophelia to Henry Irving's Melancholy Dane at the Lyceum was Miss Isabel Bateman, who now makes her *entrée* on the West-End boards as a member of Mr. Arthur Chudleigh's company at the Court.

Mr. Fred Terry left the Criterion before the close of the run of "The Sleeping Partner" to join Mr. George Alexander, with whom he has since been playing the Black Elphberg in "The Prisoner of Zenda," a part recently sustained by the ex-Sussex and Cambridge cricketer, Mr. C. Aubrey Smith.

M. Lugné-Poe has drawn up a most interesting programme for the forthcoming season of the Théâtre de l'Œuvre. It includes a French translation of "John Gabriel Borkman," a new version of "Timon of Athens," made by that other Norwegian dramatist, Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, which will be given after the manner of the Elizabethan Stage Society, and a one-act piece, called "Pharaon," written in French by Mr. Oscar Wilde,

They had a first night, or rather, a first afternoon, all to themselves at Barnstaple the other Saturday, when Mr. Theodore Tharp's play, entitled "Fair Women and Brave Men," was produced before an appreciative audience. The tale is one of religious obligation and renunciation, and its interest centres, like a certain play of the moment in London, around Waterloo. The scene of the third act is laid in "An Ante-Room of the Duchess of Richmond's Ball" (whatever sort of "place" that may be), and the *dénouement* at this point is said to be highly dramatic and effective, when, amid the distant booming of the guns, the hero, Roy Templer, now turned priest (ably played by Mr. F. Rawson Buckley), solemnly bids his old sweetheart's husband, a sad reprobate, make his peace with Heaven, for the cannon's opening roar may be his death-knell. That, indeed, is the case, but the husband's death does not clear the way for the lovers, for Father Francis (the former Roy Templer) is bound by his vows. The heroine, too, has decided to seek a cloister. The story ends with the dying husband's commendation of his wife to the priest's care. Of course, the lovers eventually renounce each other, so the ending can scarcely be called conventionally happy. Still, the Barnstaple people had sufficient asceticism to like it, and the author may be congratulated on his success.

A monument has just been unveiled in Brussels in honour of the author of the "Brabançonne," which has now become the Belgian National Hymn. He was a young actor known as Jenneval, but really named Hippolyte Louis Alexandre Dechez. He was a Frenchman, born at Lyons in 1801, and in the course of his professional peregrinations reached Brussels in 1828, and became a popular performer at the Théâtre de la Monnaie. Before long the Belgian Revolution broke out, and Jenneval added to his fame by writing the now celebrated cantata, which, as sung by a then favourite tenor (Sept. 12, 1830), caused great enthusiasm on its first performance before a crowd of ardent Radicals. A month later Jenneval entered the Belgian Army, and was shortly afterwards shot dead in an encounter with the Dutch forces. The memorial is the work of a Belgian sculptor, M. Crick, a bust of Jenneval and a female figure, presumably one of the Muses, adorning it.

Miss Adie Burt, who is the pretty young wife in "The Purser," at the Strand Theatre, is now only twenty-two years of age, and the daughter of a doctor at Brighton, where she was born. She was educated at a school in Eastbourne, and even while there never lost an opportunity of organising and playing in theatricals, usually undertaking the principal part herself, and after leaving school she joined an

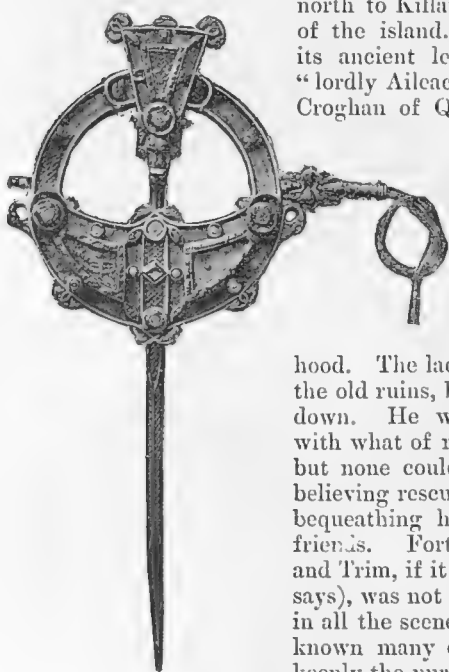


MISS ADIE BURT.
Photo by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.

amateur Dramatic Club, which gave her the idea of becoming a professional, for none of her family have been in any way connected with the stage. Her first engagement was with Miss Sarah Thorne's company at Margate, with whom she spent some months about four years ago, and since then she has worked with Mr. Edward Terry, Mr. Thomas Thorne, and Mr. Charles Hawtrey, but at present her great wish is to go to America.

THE ANTIQUITIES OF IRELAND.

"The Island of Fanes and Flowers." This might be given as an alternative title to Mr. O'Neill Russell's work on the "Beauties and Antiquities of Ireland" (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co.). Not the least of the toils of travel is the reading of guide-books, but here is no dry summary of facts for the tourist steaming westward. The author, skilled in ancient Gaelic letters, supplies a mass of sound yet fresh material in a manner decidedly original and interesting. He takes an ardent interest in all the historical events he relates, pictures them vividly, and often with the zeal of a partisan. Touched by his fervour, the reader rapidly makes his way through the scenes reviewed. These



"THE TARA BROOCH."

are many, including, from Dunluce in the north to Killarney, most of the famous places of the island. Here we have Tara and all its ancient legends, Emania "the Golden," "lordly Ailceach," "royal and saintly Cashel," Croghan of Queen Mab, Clonmacnois of the

Crosses, and others still. It must not be thought, however, that the work deals only with remote times. It abounds in modern instances. Thus, in the account of Trim Castle we find a new anecdote of the Duke of Wellington's boy-

hood. The lad had climbed to the summit of the old ruins, but found it impossible to get down. He was seen, the people gathered with what of ropes and ladders were at hand, but none could reach him. Then and there, believing rescue impossible, he made his will, bequeathing his playthings to his favourite friends. Fortunately, rescue came at last, and Trim, if it was his cradle (as one tradition says), was not his grave. Mr. Russell delights in all the scenes and shows of nature; having known many countries, he enjoys the more keenly the purple heaths and flowery vales of his own. None can quarrel with his genial enthusiasm, and one can readily forgive defects

of style in view of its vivacity. Every man of culture will entirely concur in his reprobation of that Philistinism which has made ignorance of native literature a characteristic of so many in Ireland.

Among the illustrations of Mr. O'Neill Russell's book is one, which is reproduced, of "The Tara Brooch." It was not found at Tara, by the way, but holds the name as a suzerain of brooches. Bought for a few pence from the finder, sold for some hundreds of pounds to the Museum, it is invaluable as a specimen of the skill and taste of the ancient Irish gold-workers. It needs a magnifying-glass to bring out all the fine details of this work of "the elder days of art," which is still a surprise to goldsmiths. Fortunately, it does not stand alone, as in the "Ardagh Cup," the "Cross of Cong," and many others, the ancient world has bequeathed exquisite examples of that *opus hibernicum* for which the island was once so widely famed.

THE ANGLER'S OCTOBER.

Opulent October offers varied sport to a vast number of its devotees. But, so far as the greatest happiness of the greatest number is concerned, it is probably afforded to the innumerable crowd of anglers. There are four fish which, though much differing in popular estimation, are now in finest condition. First in rank (as a member of the Salmonidæ) comes the graceful grayling. He is only the prize of the fortunate minority who have access to the too few streams in which he at present exists. I am aware that some distinguished anglers—one of them equally distinguished in literature—have been "saying things" about the grayling which are not complimentary, as that he is "the deadliest-hearted, chuckleheadest fish that swims." To which I can only reply that I respectfully differ; and so, I fancy, do others who have enjoyed autumnal days on a grayling stream. True it is, the flower of fishes, as, I think, he has been called by a saintly author, does not fight in the furious fashion of salmon or trout. Notwithstanding this, he has some pretty tricks of fence—of the passive order. When hooked, he betakes himself to midstream, curves his dark-pencilled form, erects his big dorsal fin, and stays there opposing the swift run of the current to the tight line. And as the grayling has, perhaps, the most delicate mouth of any fish, it will happen that, unless the angler has an equally delicate hand, the hook will be torn from the fragile lip, and the grayling will go off, leaving the slackened line to come back to his would-be captor. But if that hand combine delicacy, skill, and firmness—be, in fact, "the surgeon's hand"—the fish will gradually be towed into shallow water and the landing-net.

Amid the many-coloured leaves of autumn, the silver, dark-pencilled grayling affords sport to the fly-fisher where otherwise he would lack it. The magic of patience is the main thing. In some respects, specially for the young hand, the grayling is an obliging member of the royal

family of Salmonidæ. He will let you throw your fly over him a dozen times without leaving the spot, and usually, at the last cast, take the fly. That is generally one of about half-a-dozen—the willow, red tag, black gnat, iron-blue dun, moorhen-bloa, or Zulu. This small collection suffices for all ordinary purposes. The places where grayling lie are eddies round which is a floating trail of weeds, or depths over which hang ancient trees. The end of a particularly long floating weed is usually the haunt of a big grayling, and he lies deep down, shooting up, shadow-like, at the fly, and taking it in far more leisurely fashion than does the trout, little spreading circles and floating bubbles showing where he lies.

But for one man who has the chance of catching grayling in October, a dozen have that of catching pike, a fish which, in comparison with the grayling, is wide as the poles asunder. Given a clear frosty October morning, and your pike shows fine sport. The most scientific as well as the most exhilarating way of catching him is that of spinning. A bright dace on a simple flight of hooks, with as few swivels and as little lead as can be used attached to a trace of twisted salmon-gut, that in its turn fastened to plenty of waterproof running line on a springy rod with big upright rings, form the necessary implements. Out flies the bait with that dexterous overhand swing only attained by practice, and drops as quietly as compatible with its size at the exact spot aimed at. Then the bait, under the regular retraction of the line, comes revolving back just at the proper depth in the water and at the proper pace which induce a hungry pike to rush at it. When he does it he usually hooks himself, and the angler has only to play him judiciously ere at last he is gaffed. On a bracing October morning this is a delightful sport, but needs a clear, fast river. But some streams famed for pike are slow and weedy. Here spinning, which may be called the highest branch of the art of pike-fishing, is very difficult. Here, therefore, comes into play the other main mode of capturing the fresh-water shark. This is by a combination of trolling and snap-fishing. The bait has the lead inside, as in ancient trolling; but instead of two barbs lying close outside its mouth, necessitating the slow process on the pike's part of pouching the bait ere you dare tighten your line, a triangle of hooks lies on each side. Thus the moment the hungry pike has made one of his rushes at the dace or gudgeon—sometimes the one takes the fish's fancy, sometimes the other—the angler strikes and hooks his fish. He then gets him ashore as speedily as possible. It is a most killing mode of pike-fishing in weedy streams or ponds. But as for the sport, it is certainly a good deal less than that obtained by spinning in a clear and rapid stream. At any rate, the writer thinks so—and may difference of opinion never alter friendship among anglers!

Thus much of what are the biggest prizes in October fishing. There are, however, two species of fish, much smaller, and fortunately very widely distributed, which at this time afford sport to innumerable anglers. These are perch and roach. The former are by far the easiest to catch, and by far the best to eat. A well-fed river-perch in good autumnal condition, properly broiled, is, as a breakfast dish, difficult to beat among the "coarse" fish of our streams. Its flesh is white, firm, delicate, and well-flavoured. The fish is one of the handsomest—rich greenish-brown, golden yellowish-white with dark bands, and with bright-vermilion fins in combination. Perch haunt deep holes by the sides of the stream. Catch one, and, with skill, you may catch all. The live minnow or the worm is, as the fancy takes them, the most successful bait; but, if you can obtain a live shrimp, it is a *bonne bouche* for them. When they run big, a small live gudgeon will prove a most killing bait. Even in this case, however, and voracious as perch are, quiet is a necessity in approaching their haunts, as also a light footstep; for the vibration of the bank is as scaring to them as to all other fish. The still parts of streams and the backwater of mill-streams, the mouths of outlets and flood-gates, are always places where the experienced angler will try his luck.

As for the roach, to multitudes of London anglers that silvery, red-finned fish means their experience of angling joys. Walton calls the roach the water-sheep, from its silliness. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.* When he wrote, many a river flowed through solitudes of green fields, and especially the Lea. With the onward march of bricks and mortar, and the efflorescence of that evil plant, Jerry the Builder, great changes have come. Roach are now among the most difficult fish to catch. Still, there they are in many a stream, often big ones such as in a glass case afford to their happy captor an inexhaustible theme for stories. The most delicate tackle, the most dexterous readiness of hand in "striking" at a bite, and the most careful selection of proper swims are necessary. The gut length must be of the finest "drawn" material, from two and a-half to three yards in extent. A plain winch that rapidly winds up the running line is, on the whole, best, and the rod should not be too long, but light and springy as possible. A cane foot of ten feet is sufficient for pike-fishing; for bank-fishing it is longer. The float is the tiniest possible. Whether you fish from bank or punt, it is equally necessary to concentrate your whole attention on that float as it goes down the swim, and to use the artistic instantaneous turn of the wrist the moment it reaches the end or a fish bites. For bait, though roach under certain conditions of wind and water vary in their taste, there are two staple kinds, paste and gentles. Sometimes after rain a well-scoured red worm is the only thing the fish will look at. But, on the whole, so far as my own experience goes, I should say plain bread-paste holds the field, especially if worked up with a little cotton-wool. When paste-fishing, however, the "striking" must be of the most rapid description. For the edible qualities of roach one can say little. They are fish, and cookable, if one may coin a word, and that is about all. Undoubtedly, however, some people like them, especially when of their own catching, and equally undoubtedly the roach is best for food and finest in colour—and it is a handsome fish—in October.—F. G. WALTERS.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

POLO.

The Sibsagar District Polo Challenge Cup, which has been subscribed for by the eight polo-clubs in that district, namely, Desoi, Golaghat, Jhansi, Kakadanga, Moran, Nazera, and Sonari, has been won by the first-named, represented by Messrs. Andrews, Armstrong, Betts, and Wyndham, the Nazera playing the final round with them. The cup is to be the property of the club winning the tournament three years in succession, and was designed under the direction and supervision of Mr. J. H. H. Rolfe, the late hon. secretary to the Tournament and Jonhai Gymkhana Club. The cup is a hundred ounces in weight, and stands upon an ebony plinth encircled with silver shields for the names of winning teams. The body of the cup, richly chased in high relief, is surmounted by a finely modelled figure of a polo-pony and player, while obverse and reverse bear suitable inscriptions. The designing and execution of this work, which has been carried



out by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, are very creditable, and render the trophy in every way valuable.

FOOTBALL.

A Vienna correspondent, a Scottish medico, I opine, with his thoughts turning lightly, as the Scottish medico's thoughts will turn at this season of the year, to football, sends me a photograph representing the devotees of football and cricket in the Austrian capital. The Vienna Football and Cricket Club, portrayed herewith, is the original institution of its kind in the land of Francis Joseph, who lends the corps his distinguished patronage. Some dozen clubs have sprung up in imitation of the archetype, but all play harmoniously in the great public park—the Prater. The original club was started, as might be surmised, by Englishmen, and it is still largely recruited from British ranks, although all-comers are eligible for membership. The club has two elevens, Association in its most modern form being the game. Matches are played weekly during the season, which is, like the club, but unlike Gaul, divided into two parts, play being impossible during the depth of winter. The uniform of the players is dark blue and white. The play is very good—equal, my correspondent says, to a first-class junior club at home. The captain, who appears with the ball in his hands, is Mr. George Blakey, who has held the post for several years. The club goes far afield, playing matches even at Prague and Berlin.

RACING NOTES.

Court Ball is expected to win the Duke of York Stakes, and I heard at Newmarket that St. Bris could not lose the Cesarewitch. True, he has been successful over the course before, but I think the weight will stop him this time. Marco may be kept for the Cambridgeshire, a race well within his compass. I am partial to the chances of Soliman for the long-distance handicap, as he is, I am told, an improving sort. He is in strong work at Stockbridge, where the going is good, and I expect to see Soliman run a great horse. It would be a feather in the cap of the handicapper if a Newmarket-trained animal won, but I think the prize is almost

sure to go to a stranger, for stayers are very rare at the headquarters of the Turf.

I shall follow the career of Regret during the jumping season with great interest. When this Kingsclere flat-catcher came out as a three-year-old, I heard a good many remark how he was built for "lepping." This branch of sport only attracts those animals that have failed under the Jockey Club code, and, as Regret did most assuredly fail, so, perhaps, he has now found his proper level. It may be said of him that no bluer-blooded animal will be drafted into a jumping stable. He possesses a tremendous turn of speed—just the requisite for hurdling; and if he can jump at all, he should prove a cheap horse to Mr. Reginald Ward. Stop was a champion hurdler, and he came from Kingsclere. Will history repeat itself?

There are a good many "foreign"—that is, country—trainers ever ready to buy a horse out of a fashionable Newmarket stable, and, in the majority of instances, these cast-offs speedily earn their purchase-money, and in not a few cases real bargains are secured. The fact of the matter is, most of the animals in the best stables at the headquarters of the Turf are so well bred and so carefully selected that they are almost bound to win races, and very often we find them sold because they fail to satisfactorily answer big questions. Then is the small trainer's opportunity. He secures the cast-offs and places them in their proper class, with the result that he is well recouped for his judgment.

By winning at Yarmouth, Full Armour lost his qualification for the Grange Plate, to be run at Sandown next month. The race is for three-years-old and upwards which have not won in 1897. In this race is also Indian Queen; but the fact that Mr. Hobson's mare has not won during the year will not be disconcerting to those people who have a firm belief in her capability of winning another Cambridgeshire. Coups are not generally worked with animals that have shown good form, rather, are they managed through the aid of horses that have a remarkable losing sequence against their names in the Book of Races Past. So those who have taken long shots over the Cambridgeshire need not despair.

I learn with pleasure that Sir Humphrey de Trafford is about to join the ranks of owners and race under National Hunt Rules. He intends to put some young jumpers under Gatland's charge at Jevington, and he could not have selected a more painstaking trainer. Sir Humphrey has run horses before, with but small success, although the late Captain E. R. Owen managed them and rode many of the horses in their races. I wish, one or two more gentlemen could be induced to run steeplechasers, as the winter game is too much in the hands of little owners, who race for profit, but certainly not for sport. Perhaps the Prince of Wales could be induced to have one more try to win the Grand National.

The racing reporters do their work well and are sticklers after facts, but I do wish they would give us a little variety in the description of races. "So-and-So jumped off in front, and was followed by, &c., &c.," is a good old stereotyped phrase—good enough, in fact, to rank with the old cricket reporters' "Old Sol" and "Pluvial visitation." I really think descriptions of races should be written in real New-Journalism chatty fashion, and, of course, should contain all the facts, as at present. Many thousands of readers devour the gossip "pars." which introduce a race-meeting, but they studiously skip the dry-as-dust details printed at the bottom of each race.

CAPTAIN COE.



THE VIENNA FOOTBALL AND CRICKET CLUB.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up:—Wednesday, Oct. 6, 6.23; Thursday, 6.20; Friday, 6.18; Saturday, 6.15; Sunday, 6.14; Monday, 6.12; Tuesday, 6.10.

Mrs. Wherry, wife of Alderman Wherry, of Bourne, Lincolnshire, whose sad death has been reported, appears to have been herself alone to blame for her fatal cycling accident. She suddenly swerved in front of a lady cycling steadily downhill immediately behind her, and was, of course, run into. Many ladies commit an exactly similar blunder almost every time they go out riding, and it is little short of marvellous that more fatal accidents of the same sort do not occur. In the Inner Circle of a remote region called Regent's Park I have seen accidents brought about by ladies—and by men, too, for that matter—who, without even a backward glance, suddenly shot across the road for no apparent reason. I sincerely hope, therefore, that the recent fatal accident will serve as a warning.

The *St. James's Gazette* also is drawing the attention of its readers to the large number of cycling accidents that occur weekly, almost daily. In a general way, we do not hear of at least nine-tenths of the cycling accidents which happen in London, to say nothing of those which occur in the provinces, and it is well that the public should be kept posted in such news, if only in order that novices may be induced to take warning. Many and many a time I have trembled at the sight of ladies pedalling through dense traffic in the most careless way conceivable, on days when even expert male cyclists left their machines at home owing to the greasy state of the streets. I speak feelingly, for I have to cycle through the traffic of London almost daily, and though I exercise the greatest possible amount of care, and never by any chance attempt to "scorch," I have had three bicycles crumpled up during the last four years. Indeed, a man who allows his womenfolk to cycle in crowded thoroughfares must, to use the latest slang, be a very bad egg indeed.

For over a week I have been riding a chainless safety bicycle called the "Leboz." The inventor and proprietor of this patent machine claims for it many advantages over the cycle worked by means of a chain and sprocket-wheel; but, then, every inventor maintains, and sometimes frankly believes, that his device, and his device only, is *par excellence* the best. Certainly the "Leboz" is an easy-running machine, and one not likely to get out of order. It is operated by means of two driving-rods, one upon each side, which connect the gearing apparatus of the hind wheel with the pedal-cranks. The machine that I have been riding is highly geared, and does not seem to have a dead centre. This is rather astonishing, for one would naturally expect to find a dead centre in a bicycle constructed with driving-rods. The leverage obtained is tremendous. Whether the "Leboz" will withstand wear-and-tear and the ravages of time, I am, of course, as yet unable to judge.

A certain well-known tub-thumper, who plays more pranks in Trafalgar Square in a month than ever Diogenes did in the marketplace in a year, and whom I once heard declare that "all along the untrodden paths of the future we can see the hidden footprints of an unseen hand," is eclipsed by a lady from whom I have just received a letter containing the following sentence: "It is very well for you to advocate the taxing of bicycles," she writes, "but you seem to forget that cyclists form a large body, many of whose branches are not blessed with long pockets. Besides, it stands to reason that if you keep cutting wool off the sheep that lays the golden eggs, you will end by pumping it quite dry."

Last week a cabman sued a lady for the sum of twopence, which she had refused to pay him for conveying her bicycle on the roof of his cab. He was well within his rights, of course, and recovered the bulk of the money. But history does not record the language used by the cabman in the first instance. I have just been told that it frightened a passing motor-car and burst both tyres of the lady's machine.

I hear that a novelty in bicycles may be seen in the streets of Edinburgh. The peculiarities of this machine consist in the wheels having their hubs placed several inches from the centre. When the wheels are in reverse positions, before the machine is started, the motion is said to be an agreeable rise and fall, as when one is riding on horse-back; but when both wheels are placed alike the result is a somewhat abrupt plunge. Here is an opportunity for those upon whom the easy monotony of cycling has begun to pall. They have only to purchase an "Eccentric," for so the new bicycle is named, and they may enjoy either an invigorating canter along a country road or the more exciting pleasure of a buck-jumper.

Apparently, policemen are no longer to have it all their own way in the Courts by trampling on the offending cyclist. At Keynsham, near Bristol, the magistrates, in accordance with a judgment of the High Court, have reversed their decision given last February, when they dismissed a summons against a constable for assaulting a cyclist by seizing hold of his machine and giving him a nasty spill. The constable has now been convicted of assault and ordered to pay the Court fees and the cyclist's costs. Perhaps this may prove a salutary lesson to the "officer," and teach him to respect the life and limbs of his fellow-creatures.

It is satisfactory to hear that Mr. Simpson, of lever-chain fame, is recovering from the illness brought about by the dangerous accident which overtook him a few weeks ago. It may be remembered that he

was driving out of Paddington Station, when a runaway brougham dashed into his hansom and drove a shaft into his side.

That the consumption of British beef and beer is not essential to the doing of doughty deeds has been proved by the records of cycling athletes which have been given to us during the recent International Vegetarian Congress, held in the Memorial Hall. The Vegetarian Cycling Club was started about ten years ago, with Mr. A. F. Hills as president, a post he still holds; but nothing of importance in the way of racing marked the even tenor of its way until the season of 1893, when Mr. Kilbey was the first clubman to complete one hundred miles in six hours, a feat he accomplished on the very first occasion he had ever ridden so long a distance. During 1894 Mr. S. A. Whorlow (son of the captain of the North London Cycling Club), whose racing career had hitherto been a failure, joined the Vegetarian C.C., and from that time until he ceased to compete carried everything before him, winning, among other honours, the North London Club's fifty-mile road-race, another Vegetarian coming in a good second. In 1894 Mr. H. E. Bryning joined the club, and now wears the championship laurels of India, where he has scored his principal victories.

In 1895 Mr. Parsley put to his credit the Brighton and back triecyle record, the Catford Cycling Club's open hill-climbing handicap, and the Peckham Wheelers Cycling Club's fifty-mile championship (in spite of an accident *en route*). Last year he was even more successful, repeating his former victories and breaking his previous records as to speed. In 1894 Mr. E. P. Walker won two gold medals by riding 165 miles in twelve hours on Yorkshire roads, and in 1895 he, with Messrs. C. Goddard Watts, A. R. Wyatt, and H. E. Bryning, also won trophies in "All-in" cycling. A team-race (four men a-side) between the London Central, Shepherd's Bush, and the Vegetarian Club found the latter winners. For the present year the Vegetarian Club champion is Mr. H. J. Nickels, who has beaten the club's previous best times for all the club races in which he has competed. In open events he has won three firsts, one third, and two cup prizes; his brother, also a Vegetarian, two firsts and two thirds; while Mr. E. P. Walker, another Vegetarian, besides winning three firsts and two seconds, has made two long-distance road records.

Last year the Archbishop of Paris put his veto upon the priests cycling in the French capital, and I now read that the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Montreal objects to his priests cycling in the city, though he permits it in the country. In provincial France an athletic young priest has even come out as a racer, having competed in a long-distance race, which he had a good chance of winning but for an unfortunate accident to his machine.

At a recent bicycle gymkhana at Rochester, Lady Harris presented the prizes, and, in the course of her speech, remarked that she was as fond of cycling as her husband was of cricket, and she considered that it had done more than anything of late years to promote the pleasure and health of the people. She spoke strongly against "scorching," and the foolish habit of riding without a brake, both which she considered as dangerous to the community.

A carrier appeared before the Newark magistrates charged with obstructing the highway by driving on the wrong side of the road. The evidence showed that he had refused to let cyclists pass on the proper side. His defence was a curious one; he said there were "thousands of cyclists coming in all directions, like flashes of lightning," and he did not know which way to turn. In this case the cyclists had the best of it, and the carrier was fined five shillings.

I am sure that lady riders pay more attention to their costume than they did a short while ago. Now, a trousseau is not complete without a smart cycling-costume; everyone has some suggestions to make. It becomes more of a necessity than even a riding-habit. Comparatively few people possess a horse; everybody, as a matter of course, must have a bicycle.

Sailor-hats no longer look well so late in the season; a pretty suggestion is, I think, a close fur toque, or, for those who do not possess a very long purse, I would suggest a little velvet or cloth toque trimmed with fur or a bunch of quills. These are so useful in a high wind, and keep firmly on the head; they also make the whole costume appear complete.

I happened to be bicycling in the neighbourhood of Wembley Park a few days ago, and paid my shilling to see what the place was like. There could not have been forty people in the whole of those enormous grounds, and that is not surprising, for, with the exception of a roundabout, whose unhappy proprietor, I am told, pays two hundred pounds a-year to the company for his privileges—whatever they may be—there was nothing whatever to attract holiday-makers. It was a Saturday afternoon, and a fine day as well, yet nothing could have been more melancholy than the whole place, with its huge folly of a half-finished tower in the centre. Yet I am quite satisfied that there are possibilities for the speculator at Wembley. The first step, of course, would be to abolish the arrangement by which the Metropolitan and District Railways require a change at Baker Street. Something could surely be done at Baker Street to admit of a connected line. Add to this a large outlay in making Wembley Park really cheerful and attractive, and there should be a great future before it. No one, I suppose, will be enterprising enough, and its future is much more likely to be a future of jerry-built houses.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

MANY MATTERS.

The good old traditions of Michaelmas harvesting were certainly not upheld by the Weather Clerk on this night week, when most unpromising displays of sheet-lightning and thunder to match had it all their own way in London and surroundings. The great philosophy of life in these latitudes is, however, to accept the weather and take it

heroically as it comes—cheerfully even when possible. Holding firmly to this belief, I had a hansom whistled up, and in the midst of thunder, lightning, rain—a regular Witches' Sabbath, in fact—went out to eat the goose of a friend, or should I say a friendly goose, in classic Michaelmas fashion. Doubtless the bird was gently bred and decently fattened, but the goose, even at Michaelmas, excepting in the matter of liver, is an overrated biped, and while it was being sent round in sections my attention was transferred to a wonderful yellow satin gown which sat just across the table on a stately dame, evidently opulent in purse as she undoubtedly was in person. The Duchess of Devonshire is said to own the finest neck and shoulders of any woman in the kingdom, an attribute shared by many of her countrywomen evidently, however, as my admiration of the yellow satin was, I discovered later, also from the land of Vikings. Her frock spoke of Paris in every shapely seam, and the embroideries of gladioli, which made garlands across the front and sides, were so exquisitely wrought in steel and small pearls that I made a point of subjugating the good lady into allowing a sketch of her frock, which she did with the proviso that her ownership would not appear, and here it accordingly is. Like all



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AMBER SATIN AND STEEL EMBROIDERY.

the most modish frocks, this one is possessed of a short train, and widens at the end of skirt, while being quite tight around hips. Underneath the diagonally placed embroideries a chiffonnée of pale amber mousseline-de-soie is arranged with excellent effect, giving softness to the otherwise rather hard appearance which such embellishments sometimes produce. A narrow festoon of the same dainty work appears on the satin bodice, which is arranged in the rather vague style of drapery now so much favoured by fashion-makers. A touch of Gallic genius shows itself also in the softly folded twists of palest pink miroir velvet, which shows up so well against that particularly dead tone of amber with which in the present instance it is associated. Underneath is a flounce of old Venetian point falls its full width on one side, and it is gathered up into a coquillé at the other. A tuft of pale-pink velvet feathers with osprey was worn in the hair with this charming gown, and fastened in with a diamond arrow.

At the same dinner I met a gold-seeking younger son, who is going to Klondyke in the spring. I told him all the discouraging things I had heard of it, but they were mere feebleness and foolishness to the ghastly stories with which he himself was set up concerning men dropping down with hunger, the wolves of Alaska, and other gruesome details of the journey to this midnight land. At Dawson, where this enterprising youth intends to halt, the ground is covered with a spongy moss, and the roads churned up by many feet to a depth of ten or twelve inches. "Not exactly the place for white spats, you know," he confided; "but think of the nuggets underneath!" No drainage is possible. Malaria and typhoid abound, while hundreds have even no shelter or covering in the intense cold until they can build themselves huts. A nice place this for the sons of fond mothers who leave comfortable homes to dig for gold in the Arctic Circle! Meanwhile, it certainly has a brain-turning effect to hear even of the well-authenticated stories from that Purgatorio of cold and darkness. One man bought a claim on El Dorado for four hundred pounds, took out three thousand pounds' worth in three months, and sold a half-share

to a London syndicate for twenty-seven thousand! To try and keep off starvation this winter, the country is being hunted for moose and reindeer, while Indians are employed to fish on behalf of the hungry miners, which is one proof more of the powerful attraction that lies in yellow metal. Here, at least, fashion is at a discount and vanities are not. There are not even skating-costumes about, and that bewildering frock of violet velvet in which Mrs. Brown-Potter takes to the ice at the Duke of York's would be quite out of it at Klondyke.

Among many new black materials there is one which I saw at Jay's the other day—a ladder-like arrangement of woven tucks over a coloured ground, which should make particularly smart costumes. This material can be made up on the length or crosswise. I prefer the latter, as accordion-pleated effects are no longer new, while circular trimmings are in the last cry of that very vocal personage Dame Fashion. Blue, bright green, red, and mauve grounds were shown, but the colour barely shows in which lieth its smartness. Many of the novelties in coloured material are more remarkable for eccentricity than charm—red or blue or green, in crude shades, with wavy black lines wriggling all over the surface, or a mixture of three, or even four, irreconcilable tones worked up into a fine frenzy of pattern. Satin cloth, cashmere, and, above all, Irish poplin, *bien entendu*, which is ever so much stronger and better-made than French, are the three new materials which look emphatically best when mixed with velvet and fur, which will more than ever play the part of accessories this winter. There is a delightful little gown of Irish poplin illustrated in these pages, which has just been made by a Paris potentate for the Princess of Monaco. It is a lavender-blue shade, made *en princesse*, and lined with taffetas shot blue and black. The skirt, extremely close-fitting about hips, has only one large pleat down the centre of back, which, like the front, is made in one piece. It opens over a narrow band of emerald velvet edged on each side with astrachan. Down the sides several rows of black braid, varying in length, are sewn, which, crossing at the waist, end over hips in loops. Astrachan lapels, edged with the emerald velvet, give wonderful style to the bodice. The sleeves are also velvet, and trimmed with braid on the shoulders to match skirt. A fascinating *chapeau* of emerald velvet and steel embroidery goes South with this costume. The arrangement of natural-coloured ostrich feathers in front, fastened with a steel buckle, should be noted. It is a new and extremely smart method of arrangement.

I was asked by a correspondent some weeks since for new ideas on the subject of children's parties, and from the tone of this good lady's letter and her evident concern lest the contemplated occasion should fall flat, it would appear that the young generation is knocking at the door very loudly indeed for fresh excitements. What a *blashé* infant it must be who thinks forfeits "foolish" and "Punch-and-Judy" "boring"; yet these were the expressed opinions of my harassed correspondent's offspring, with a pathetic rider that I would therefore try and work up some fresher excitements. I took a chorus of party-giving mammas into convocation, but they came to a full-stop after the "Punch-and-Judy" judgment—so, indeed, did I—when a timely letter from Biarritz received two days since, and chiefly filled with details of a juvenile *bal costumé* which took place last week there, relieved the situation and emboldens me to pass on the notion to these veteran juveniles, who, in my private opinion, ought to be whipped and put to bed, instead of being allowed to dictate terms to their peace-at-any-price parents.

Returning to the ball, however, I am told that a cotillon was the crux of the whole entertainment, with dolls and delights of all sorts specially imported from Paris. Think of that, ye grandmammas whose nursery lines were thankfully and appreciatively run on those of penny Dutch dolls and crudely coloured woodcuts! Other times, other manners, of



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FOR THE PRINCESS OF MONACO.

course, however, as we are frequently reminded, and, deferring to the inevitable of these spoiled mites, I really think the notion of a children's cotillon an extremely pretty one, and to be recommended for favourable consideration at forthcoming "small-and-earlies."

Another subject which is also connected with winter afternoons and evenings, and one of, perhaps, more general interest, seeing that we do not all possess whole families of hopefuls, while most can lay claim to a fireside, is the matter of the Fire-Lighting Fan, which ensures the great question and crux of cold weather—comfort in giving quickly lighted and brilliantly blazing fires, without the classic loss of labour, time, temper, or trouble. Descending into details, "The Fan," not Lady Windermere's, though no less deservedly famous, is a little tortoise-shaped instrument which, when wound up automatically and affixed to the front bars of any grate, gives forth a brisk breeze, which fans the most reluctant, sulky fire in any grate into smiles and sparkles under a minute. But it goes further, for, by the application of a little paraffin on the asbestos with which every fire-lighting fan is filled, a stream of flame issues into the coal, and, without wood, paper, or expletives, simply by the application of a match, we have a cheery fire for the asking, or, more literally, blowing, all in fewer seconds than it takes me to describe

the operation. It should be added that since the invention and introduction of this superlatively useful instrument last winter, an improved crank-handle has been substituted, which immeasurably expedites the fire-lighting operation. So that now it is possible to wind up "The Fan," hook it to the bars charged with oil, and set going in half-a-minute by the clock, while the remaining thirty seconds accomplishes the cheerful fact of a cheery fire. Finally, the price of this boon and blessing to housemaids is only a modest fifteen-and-sixpence, while one with a smart embossed brass cover can be owned for a guinea. The address, as all housekeepers should know, is the "Cherry-Tree Machine Company, Cherry Tree, near Blackburn," who undertake to pack and deliver free to any address in the United Kingdom one of the most useful inventions of this enterprising century. All who wish to get the best possible effect with the least trouble should invest in "The Fan."



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A USEFUL DRESS.

Epingline is the name of a new material—one of the many that are daily launched forth from the shop-windows, and, perhaps, one of the prettiest. It is a sort of ribbed stuff with silky effects—repp, only more so, in fact. This little beige-coloured frock is made of it, the skirt being tricked out with a band of white cashmere, on which narrow beige silk braid is sewn six deep. The bodice has a vest to correspond with this adornment, is prettily basqued all around, and fastens down the left side after a popular manner of the moment. Over a front of very brilliant emerald velvet there is an arrangement of open-work guipure *très chic*. The sleeves à la *Henri II.*, laced with beige silk laces over white satin, do not altogether recommend themselves to me. But it is novel, and that is sufficient recommendation to many on whom the present sameness and tameness in the matter of sleeves begin to pall. The question of smart coats is a very divided one still, and will be so while this fine weather lasts, but the fur moujik is a certainty for winter wear. On slight figures, and belted well into the waist with one of these fascinating jewelled belts which still go in novelty, they look very well. Ermine also, in conjunction with velvet mantelettes. Long, narrow steel buckles are worn at the back of waist-belts, but they do not, to my thinking, suit the figure. Little coats with very rampant basques are smart, and appeared on every other well-dressed woman in Sunday's Park—a limited number, by the way. People may have begun to turn towards again, but they emphatically have not girded themselves with winter fashions overmuch so far, whatever may be in the near future.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CECILIA (Slough).—Regarding your query for the name and address of someone skilled in the art of table-decoration, who would teach pupils at a ladies' school, I have made, as promised, several inquiries, and am assured by four or five very dinner-giving hostesses that Miss Constance Flemming, of 20, Brook Street, New Bond Street, is just the person you want. She personally arranges the floral decorations at many public and private dinners and balls, is full of ideas, and by no means ruinous in her charges. I should advise you to write her, giving fuller particulars of what is required than your note to me contained. In my reply of last week, which you failed to understand, I asked if you wished for a course of lessons; but all that you could now submit to Miss Flemming.

Mrs. L. S. (Driffeld).—I was sorry not to have been able to reply by post, but you will, no doubt, find this in good time. The black and tan flannel recommended for autumn dresses was one of the Barker and Moody fabrics. You could not have anything more serviceable and smart. These flannels are obtainable at any good draper's, Peter Robinson's, for instance.

ANNETTE (Ostend).—(1) Of course, it is an affectation. I might even go farther and say a vulgarism. Well-bred people by force of distinction nowadays are driven into a severe simplicity in such matters. Now that every shop-girl and housemaid calls her companions "young ladies," we are well content to dub our daughters "girls." Also witness the aristocratic spirit of house-agents, who almost invariably preface themselves "Messrs." when advertising in the newspapers for clients; of office-boys and clerks who love to call their lodgings "chambers"; and all the rest of this disgusting pretence with nothing behind it which characterises an overbold, pretentious, and thoroughly vulgarised generation. Your friend the Radical Peersess's views sound very well in platform oratory, but the classes and masses will never really amalgamate for all the later-day toleration of one and the "pushing" of the other. (2) Your black velvet dinner-gown must by all means be embroidered down the front and sides. Every dress with any sort of pretension is treated to embroidered bouquets or garlands this season. Being in deep mourning, you are, of course, restricted to one sombre tone, but with chenille and jet you might appropriately have some fine steel beads intermixed, with immensely enhanced effect. Your girl might have white *crêpe-de-Chine* for her party. It is very fashionable and makes charming gowns for young people. I have seen the new evening-gloves white, with black or steel or gold sequins, and in other light shades as well. They are too showy. I do not like them.

DOWER-CHEST (Godalming).—Yes, I remember the pseudonym. In the present instance it is particularly appropriate. I think I can relieve your distressful condition now, although, if anyone had asked me a month ago for the address of a Loudon laundress who did not rend, destroy, ironmould, or dissolve in chemicals our cherished linen sheets and other lingerie, I should have declined the problem. Now, I am assured, on the faith of a dozen Hausfraus, that Miss Newman's laundry at Gowan Avenue, Fulham, is a very haven and refuge for all petticoat finery and for the strictly household linen as well. One's handkerchiefs and fine laces, the special perquisite of laundresses, as a rule, here reach an honourable old age. The colour of everything "sent home" is immaculately white—a result not arrived at injuriously—and the Newman Laundry is as nearly perfection as it is in the nature of these establishments to be. Even the burning, not to say firing, question of shirt-fronts is solved smoothly, stiffly, and shinily, as it should be, which hardly leaves anything to desire or ask of Gowan Avenue except punctuality, for which its vans are also reported famous.

DYSPEPTIC (Dover).—(1) Dear Madam, I am many things, but not a doctor. I sympathise with your symptoms, but am not intimate enough with the pharmacopoeia to alleviate them. Broadly speaking, from what you detail of your day, I should think that, if you withdrew from champagne and took to bicycling, things might mend. Excuse my frankness. You asked for an opinion, and here it is for what it is worth. But you should really consult a properly qualified authority on such matters. (2) Decidedly, tight-lacing is ruinous for you, as, indeed, it is for everyone.

FASHION-PLATE (Savoy Hotel, Strand).—(1) Curiously enough, you are the second person with whom I have to try conclusions on the subject of tight-lacing this week; only in the former case the applicant is merely apprehensive of a reddened nose and a weakened heart on her own account, while you, without the excuse of personal vanity, cruelly and heartlessly confess to torturing your daughter's attendant merely because "you like to have smart-looking maids about you." I certainly am unaware of any remedy "for the sick feeling caused by going up and down stairs a good deal without loosening the waist" from which your much-to-be-pitied maid suffers. Your question is an insult to the common sense and humanity of anyone to whom it is addressed, and it is very regrettable that money gives you the power of ruining other people's constitutions for the sake of such remuneration and surroundings as you can give them. You probably understand how a physician would answer if asked, "What would relieve the sick feeling of your daughter's new maid, who had, under your orders, been squeezed into wasp-like dimensions by your own maid and housekeeper?" I quote again from your letter, and reply that in having done so you are responsible for injuring the girl's present comfort and health, while setting up a prospect of probable disease and malformation in the future. As a mother of daughters, you must yourself understand how ruinous tight-lacing is to the most delicate organs. (2) As a matter of courtesy, I may reply to your other questions that milk is good for the skin, but water in which oatmeal has been boiled, and buttermilk, are better.

LUCILLE (Aldershot).—(1) That is the very question which has been agitating all our minds at dinner-parties lately. Of course, you should have taken precedence under the new regulations, but at what price of envy, spite, and all uncharitableness among the old dowagers in the county who can hark back to antecedents! Be wise, and don't assert your rights so near home. What does the occasional visit down there matter, after all? (2) Skirts are narrow in comparison with those of last year. It should not be more than a yard and a-half about the hips really, and from three and a-half to three and three-quarters around the hem for the most modish dimensions.

To-To (Cheshire).—(1) This should make you a charming and very effective gown. Have your white satin made up into a slightly trained skirt, with a bolero and high folded waistband of amber satin. The bolero should be embroidered with white velvet chenille flowers, the high collar lined with shirred mousseline-de-soie, and a square-cut chemisette also of white mousseline, long gathered sleeves of the same. You will get your "picturesque effect" here, and something quite becoming as well. (2) Try Vinolia Powder; it is quite free from the defects you complain of. (3) Have you ever read Ernest Feydeau's "Art of Pleasing"? See what he says about perfumes!

A. N. T. (Grand Hotel, Birmingham).—Alas! your recipe has been crowded out this week and last; but next week without doubt. So sorry! SYBIL.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Oct. 11.

MONEY.

No alteration having been made in the minimum rate of discount by the Bank of England directors, it remains at 2½ per cent. There was a considerable demand for money on the last day of the month, emphasised by the fact of its being Stock Exchange Pay-day. The rate for advances over the night ranged from 1½ to 2½ per cent. per annum, while a fair amount was borrowed from the Bank at 2½ for a week. The Bank Return discloses some considerable movements. Thus an increase of £1,060,000 was shown in the note circulation, and gold to the value of £180,000 was taken out for export, while the bullion, including this, ran down £270,337. The reserve, therefore, lost £1,331,000, the ratio to liabilities being reduced to 48½ per cent., against 50½ on the previous week. "Other" securities show an increase of £318,000, but the market deposits have fallen off by £271,000.

HOME RAILS.

The upward tendency of this market, which we referred to in our last issue, has been further stimulated by the substantial traffic returns announced last week. The most notable improvements in these returns were increases of £16,833 in London and North-Western, £15,731 in Midland, £14,190 in Great Western, £8771 in Great Northern, and £6350 in North-Eastern. Prices were firmer all round on these satisfactory announcements, and some substantial improvements were registered. Although some of the more speculative stocks reacted on profit-taking, yet there is an undercurrent of strength which is gradually forcing up prices all round. The present monetary conditions, together with the more hopeful view as to a settlement of the engineering difficulties, is having a healthy influence upon this market.

YANKEES.

The movements in these securities are becoming more irregular, and strenuous efforts are being made on the "other side" to sustain the markets, which appear to be gradually slipping away. We have repeatedly expressed the opinion that there is no justification for the present high prices that are ruling. We would like to know, for instance, what wonderful transformation has occurred in the position and prospects of such companies as the Milwaukee and Lake Shore to justify rises of about 17 and 22 points respectively from their highest quotations of last year. Before being attracted to deal in this market, investors and speculators would do well to study the respective merits of each company he wishes to operate in, and not allow himself to be led away by vague statements as to the improved position of affairs in America generally.

NEW CAPITAL.

Despite the fact that September has been practically a barren month, as far as the issue of fresh capital was concerned, yet we find that the amount offered for subscription during the quarter totalled up to £31,874,000. This brings the amount for the nine months of the year up to 108½ millions, and compares with about 121 millions for the corresponding period of last year, and with 85½ millions in 1895. We understand there are a considerable number of enterprises ready for launching, which only await such time as the public get fairly settled down after the holiday season.

SOUTH AFRICA.

The following letter has just reached us from our Johannesburg correspondent—

VOGELSTRUIS COMPANIES.

There are two Vogelstruis companies, one holding the outcrop of the Main Reef series on the farm of the same name, and the other the deep levels. The former, the Vogelstruis Estate and Gold Mines, Limited, is a London company, the shares being mostly held in England. It was constructed on the ruins of the defunct Vogelstruis Company, the shareholders in which were "frozen out" by the bondholders three or four years ago, the latter doing a splendid stroke—for themselves. They allotted themselves 100,000 shares in the new company, 50,000 more at par, and a further 50,000 were subscribed at £3 each. It was in boom times, and the bondholders had the opportunity subsequently of off-loading their shares on the Home public at £4, and even more. Considering that the debts of the old company amounted to £80,000, and that the "freezing-out" process only involved the payment of this sum and a paltry £10,000 to the old shareholders, the bondholders did exceedingly well—for themselves.

But the new company has also fallen upon evil times; milling was stopped at the end of June, the shares were recently under par, and it looks as if another "freezing-out" game was about to be played. When the new 80-stamp mill was started in December last, there was a public function at the mine, and, amidst libations of champagne, the bondholders and their friends told the public what fine things the mine was going to do and how good the shares were to buy. For example, the very honest manager—a Scotchman—the bondholders had hit upon in order to make management a speciality—declared, according to the report in the papers at the time, that he considered the mine "an excellent proposition, and he had no doubt it would return good dividends to the shareholders. The next few months," he added, "would show what the mine could do." At the end of June, just seven months later, the mine stops crushing. I have analysed the declared returns of the company, and here is what the mine has done—

	Tons milled.	Stamps.	Value of yield.	Value per ton.
December 1896...	8975	80	8,998	20 0
January 1897	8400	60	10,847	25 10
February "	9225	70	10,714	23 3
March "	9375	70	11,280	22 5
April "	9475	70	10,583	22 4
May "	8089	55	9,862	24 4
June "	7500	40	8,310	22 2

The very honest Scotch manager has shown us what the mine could do, and the shares, as a result, fell below par. When the champagne was flowing so freely in December last, it was given forth that the company had over 170,000 tons of ore developed, and that the ore then going to the mill was worth from

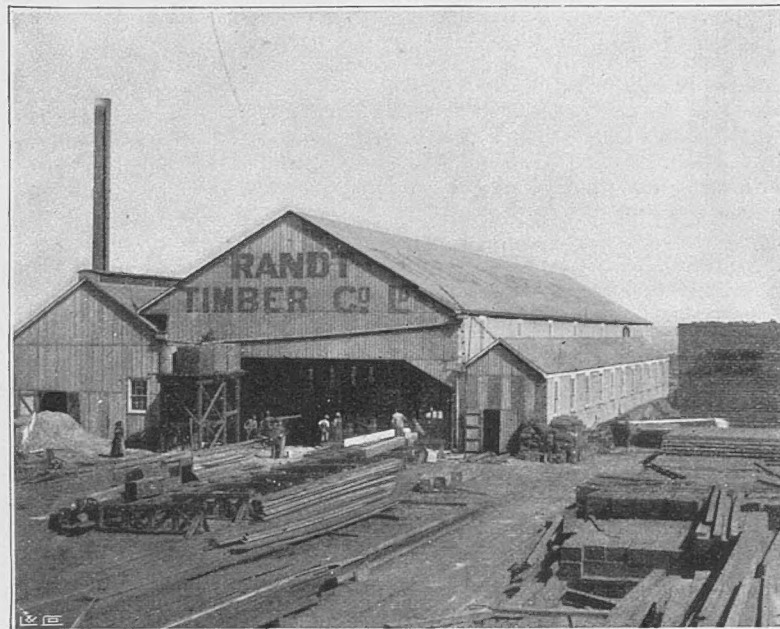
11 to 12 dwt. per ton. Even a 60 per cent. extraction of this ought to show a yield of 28s. per ton.

What the Home investor may not understand is that the results as shown above—miserable enough in all conscience—have been obtained from the first and second levels only. The richest of the oxidised free-milling ore on the rich South Reef on these top levels has been crushed, and now that the management is face to face with the necessity of going to a greater depth and working the hard blue pyritic rock at a cost of 8s. or 10s. per ton more, the company has no alternative but to suspend crushing, or spend 30s. in order to earn a sovereign.

The management stopped the battery at the end of June, and is now sinking on the western section of the mine to a depth 250 feet below the present fourth level. The eastern section is also to be explored on the second level. When further development work has been done—and when possibly the Boer Government have done something to reduce the cost of mining—it may be that the Vogelstruis will once more resume crushing. Meanwhile it is for shareholders to see that they are not again "frozen out." The manager should be invited to explain why his predictions were so wide of the mark, and Mr. A. M. Campbell, now in England, should also be asked to interpret the meaning of the speeches made at the function last December at which he presided.

VOGELSTRUIS CONSOLIDATED DEEP.

Work on this deep-level property was suspended in April last. The disappointing results from the outcrop company, as shown above, the exhaustion of the company's working capital, and the generally unsatisfactory conditions



THE LARGEST SAW-MILL ON THE RAND.

Photo by Duffus Brothers, Johannesburg.

affecting the mining industry, all weighed with the directors in stopping work. Three shafts were being put down, and the following are the respective depths sunk, together with the estimated depths at which the reef will be found—

	Depth sunk.	Estimated depth of reef.
	Feet.	Feet.
East shaft ...	891	1100 to 1200
Central shaft ...	1055	1600 to 1700
West shaft...	960	2100 to 2200

The various depths at which it is expected to strike the reef are considerably greater than the original estimate, and this is due to the fact that the reef-series in the outcrop company has been unexpectedly found to steepen to an angle of between fifty and sixty degrees, and it is assumed that this dip, or, at any rate, a steeper dip than the original estimate, which was based on the general experience of Rand companies, will be maintained. This, however, is problematical, but, should the reef-series continue to dip about the present angle, the ore contents per claim will be all the greater, and this will far more than make up for the increased depth to which the shafts will have to be sunk.

The two Vogelstruis companies, like the Roodepoort companies to the west, are, at the present rate of costs, dependent upon the thin South Reef. It averages only from three to four inches, but is very rich. Two of the Roodepoort mines have solved the problem of paying dividends out of this thin reef. The task before the directors of the Vogelstruis companies has therefore been made all the simpler, and shareholders ought not to despair. In the case of the Vogelstruis Deep, additional working capital will have to be found before operations can be resumed. There are 70,000 reserve shares, but these cannot be issued with the market quotation considerably under par. The company had till recently a valuable asset in a large holding in the adjoining Bantjes Mine, but the directors threw away the bulk of these shares at the lowest prices in the recent depression.

We reproduce a photo of one of the largest saw-mills on the Rand—that of the Randt Timber Company, Limited, the shares of which are chiefly held by Mr. Edward Chester, of Bishopsgate Street, and other London capitalists.

SOUTH AFRICAN BANKING.

At the meeting of the Bank of Africa held last week the chairman spoke in a very hopeful strain with regard to the general outlook in South Africa. The political atmosphere, he said, had cleared considerably, and the Dutch and English were beginning to recognise that it was to their advantage to work in harmony. He also referred to the record gold yield for the month of August, and to the fact that the Transvaal Commission had reported favourably with regard to the mining industry. Despite all the disturbing influences which have been at work in South Africa since the beginning of last year, the banking interest does not appear to have suffered. Indeed, we gather from the reports of the institutions doing business in that Colony that a steady progressive movement has been going on all through these troublous times. The balance-sheet of the Bank of Africa submitted to the meeting was a very satisfactory one, disclosing, as it did, an expansion of business as compared with a year ago, and showing also that the directors were able

to distribute the same dividend and bonus in face of an increase in the bank's capital. Even more satisfactory is the report and balance-sheet of the Standard Bank of South Africa. Including the balance brought forward, this bank has earned a net profit for the half-year ending June 30 of £126,965, which compares with £113,301 for the corresponding period of last year. The directors recommend the same dividend and bonus as a year ago, but out of the increased profits they are enabled to appropriate £5000 to Officers' Pension Fund and carry forward the substantial sum of £21,965 to the new account, which compares with £13,301 at the corresponding period of last year.

CYCLE SHARES.

There is a curious inconsistency in Stock Exchange movements, and a glaring instance of this is to be found in the cycle share market. Comparing the prices now with those of twelve months ago, it will be observed that many of the shares have fallen from fairly substantial premiums to heavy discounts, and that in the face of exceptional activity in the cycle industry during the intervening period. We are ready to admit that many of the companies floated during the cycle boom of last year will never be in a position to fulfil the promises so skilfully set out in their prospectuses, owing to excessive capitalisation, and other reasons, yet we venture to think that a little discrimination at the present juncture, when the results for the year are beginning to come out, might be advantageously employed. We have commented not unfavourably in these columns on more than one occasion upon the shares of the Singer Company, it being within our knowledge that, despite its heavy capitalisation, the operations of the company were fully bearing out what its prospectus foreshadowed. The accounts for the twelve months will be presented to the shareholders ere long, and we understand they will disclose a very satisfactory position, the profits realised being fully up to expectations. And yet while we write the shares are quoted about 25 per cent. discount, being evidently treated by the market in the same category as companies of indifferent standing whose existence runs a great chance of being extinguished by the formidable competition which the well-known undertakings can bring to bear upon them. The Elswick Company's report will also be in the shareholders' hands this month, and, unless we are greatly mistaken, will prove very satisfactory reading. Both the preference and ordinary shares are, in our opinion, absurdly depreciated.

THE LOWER ROODEPOORT SCANDAL.

The fight which appears to be still raging between the shareholders of this unfortunate company and the late, or, as they are pleased to style themselves, present directors, is not altogether devoid of humour. As a matter of fact, of course, the real disputants are the shareholders on the one side, and Mr. Gordon Smith, the promoter, on the other, but it suits the latter gentleman to masquerade behind the shadow of the old board for very obvious reasons.

How people like even Colonel Hughes-Hallett can reconcile the contemptible part they are made to play by the wily Gordon Smith with the elementary feelings of self-respect which, we suppose, remain even in the case of persons of this class, we are at a loss to understand, but the company presents an object-lesson of the difficulty of dislodging directors who stick at nothing.

The concern was registered in Ireland, and brought out with no prospectus, the shares being all allotted to the vendors, and by them, with the aid of puffs in the baser sort of papers, sold on the London Stock Exchange to a gullible English public. In a few months the working capital was expended, and the directors proposed a scheme of reconstruction, which was rejected by the shareholders. A meeting was then called by requisition, and, by more than a three-fourths majority, a resolution removing the directors from office was carried on a poll; but, upon the plea that one of the ten persons demanding the poll was discovered not to be duly qualified to vote, the board refused to go out of office, give up the seal, books, &c., and called a third meeting to propose the adoption of a balance-sheet and the already-rejected resolutions for reconstruction.

The registered office of the company is in Dublin, and to this office, by the Articles, proxies have to be sent at least two days before the meeting. Unfortunately, the rent is in arrear in Dublin, and the landlord refuses to give up any papers or documents until his little bill of £51 is paid. At the last meeting, which took place on Sept. 29, the notorious Colonel, who occupied the chair, without even the formality of counting the hands held up, declared the directors' resolutions carried, and a new poll is to be taken upon this outrageous declaration; but, and here comes in the amusing part of the situation, *the Irish landlord won't part with the proxies*. We feel inclined to offer a Waltham watch or an Egyptian gold pencil-case (as advertised!) to the reader who sends the best solution of how the difficulty is to be overcome!

MR. BOTTOMLEY'S DINNER.

We are asked to state that at the dinner given at the Savoy Hotel this week Mr. Horatio Bottomley was incorrectly reported to have been the guest of the directors of the London and Globe Finance Corporation. The dinner was given by the West Australian Joint Stock Trust and the West Australian Loan and General Finance Corporation, and not by the company over which Mr. Whitaker Wright presides. By-the-bye, talking of the London and Globe Company reminds us that it is said some very interesting litigation is pending with a well-known and eminent member of the Bar, who was a dissentient shareholder under

section 161 of the Companies Act 1862, at the time of the reconstruction. If the arbitration as to the value of the old shares is carried to an issue, some very instructive evidence as to the value of the assets may be expected.

ISSUE.

The Dee Estates, Limited.—This appears to us to be a very fair speculation so far as its shares, both preference and ordinary, are concerned, and to present a very sound security to such persons as may care to invest in its debentures. The company is formed to take over some 23,381 acres of freehold land at the estuary of the River Dee, and to carry on improvement and reclamation works thereon. The features of the estates are admirably set out in the very clear report of Messrs. Chinnock, Galsworthy, and Co., and if the results of the company's efforts are half as successful as in the case of other rivers which have been dealt with in a similar manner, the shareholders will have no reason to regret their investment. In any case, the debentures must be more than amply secured, and the board of directors is calculated to inspire the utmost confidence.

Saturday, Oct. 2, 1897.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a non-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no non-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Z. Y. X.—You will be able to draw the money in case of your father's death, but in consequence of the change of name you may have to make a declaration or give some evidence that he is your father. Even this is, however, not likely if the facts are known to the agent.

G. A.—Yes, provided you understand that the transaction is a speculation.

STRETFORD.—No. 1 is mixed up with the Linotype Company, and is, of course, speculative, but not unduly so. No. 2 is a fair industrial risk. No. 3 is very speculative.

FIKRMAND.—As to Ubique, we have a bad opinion of it; but there is no market for the shares, so you can't get out. The company was badly subscribed, and we doubt if it has enough capital to carry on successfully, but hope we may be wrong. East to West is a fair speculation, but, as with many new railways, it is very likely not to pay at first.

ZYTHUM.—We think the undertaking you mention is a very dubious affair, and you will be very foolish if you put more money into it.

TYRE.—The same people are at the back of the tyre company you mention as are behind the Dunlop concern; but we should not feel very confident. As to Mr. Hooley turning his attention to the shares, we advise you not to rely on it, for his hands appear very full at present. If you can lock up the shares and risk it, the investment may very well prove a fair one.

A. C. D.—No. 1 is a very speculative concern, and, in view of the position of the Nitrate trade, we think you will be wise to clear out. The lawsuit has been known to all the world and his wife for months. A commission is at present in Chili taking evidence. Our opinion is that the syndicate will win, but the case depends very much on the result of the Chilean evidence. No. 2. We hold a few of these bank shares. Of course, there is a liability in your case amounting to over £750, and, if you are nervous, get out. No. 3. We have the poorest opinion of this concern. No. 4. The last answer applies here. The company has been involved in lawsuits with several shareholders, and, if we remember rightly, some of the latter got off on the ground of misrepresentations in the prospectus. We advise you to consider the shares you hold in Nos. 3 and 4 as valueless.

TEMPTER.—The people you name are sharks of the worst kind. Have no dealings with them. Our opinion of Chartered shares is known to every constant reader, and how you can ask it, if what you say is true, we are at a loss to understand. As to dividend, the idea is too ludicrous.

R. H. W. S.—We answered your letter on the 1st inst., and are sorry we could only give you poor comfort.

OXYSTERMOUTH.—Our original informant continues to show us letters from Coolgardie, giving good accounts of Burbank's Birthday Gift, but the shares are now at a good price. We have no special information as to White Feather. The late returns are not very encouraging. Professor Nicholas has, we are told, a good opinion of the third mine.

SALTFORD.—Can you send us the *London Gazette* and any report of the man's application for a discharge, also of the fight between the then director and the secretary? We are much obliged for your information, and should be still more obliged if you could give us documentary proof; we will then return to the subject.

CYCLE.—The Elswick Company's meeting will be held this month, and the report should be in your hands in about a fortnight. You will have no cause to regret having bought on our advice.

O. H. S.—In our opinion either Brewery's preference or *Lady's Pictorial* pref. are quite as safe as the majority of Pearson's pref. shares. The accounts of the latter company will be published in about a month, made up to Sept. 30. The profits will probably exceed the last year given in the prospectus.

IGNORAMUS (Umtali).—We consider the bank you name a perfectly safe, sound, and respectable institution, which you may safely trust. To place the money with a member of the House to speculate with would, unless you have very unbounded faith in the particular man, be most imprudent. Why not deposit with the Standard Bank of South Africa, who would probably pay more than the other?